THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 161 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 6, 1945 NUMBER 14

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 325

EDITORIALS

London Fog 327
Wages, Prices, and Taxes 328
The Fascist Survivors 329

ARTICLES

The Plight of the Jews *by I. F. Stone* 330
AMG—Innocents Abroad *by Saul K. Padover* 331
In the Wind 333
Diplomats in Conference *by Harold J. Laski* 334
Some Don't Wear the Purple Heart *by Frank N. Trager* 335
The Driver Was a Nice Guy *by Edgar Brooke* 337
Spanish Prison *by Percy Winner* 338

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Back Number Talk *by Franz Hoellering* 340
Ends and Means of Education *by Gail Kennedy* 341
The Rocking Chair *by A. M. Klein* 341
Briefer Comment 342
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 346
Drama *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 349
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 350

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 351

CROSSWORD PUZZLE, No. 127 *by Jack Barrett* 352

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Published weekly and copyright, 1945, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

SENATOR TAFT'S PROBLEM IN REGARD TO THE Full Employment Bill was to wreck it without incurring the political risks of voting against jobs for all. By winning acceptance of his amendment rewriting the clause providing for compensatory government investment, he has achieved a satisfactory solution from his point of view. What dismays and astonishes us is the way in which the bill's backers persuaded themselves that this and other amendments made no important difference. Fortunately a large group of progressives in the House appear to appreciate to what a degree it has been emasculated. A statement signed by 115 co-sponsors of the measure declares: "We are committed to the principle that the government must make full use of all its powers and functions relating to employment and production and must specifically pledge its financial resources to make good on the assurance of continuing full employment opportunity." Representative George E. Outland, one of the leaders of the group, told reporters: "We'll make a fight for the original language and we think the people will go with us." They will, indeed, if steps are taken to expose to the country the fact that the deadly words injected into the heart of the bill will, unless removed, serve to paralyse it.

*

THE SPECTACLE OF HIROHITO, SON OF HEAVEN, politely doffing his silk hat to a crowd of press photographers is an intensely gratifying one to the average American. But it seems most unlikely that the Son of Heaven planned his tradition-shattering jaunt to the American embassy for the purpose of driving home any lessons to the Japanese people. His purpose was more probably that of impressing the American people with the thoroughness of Japan's regeneration. Under the spur of criticism from this country MacArthur has gradually stiffened his occupation policies. The list of war criminals has been steadily lengthened. All army and navy stocks have been seized, and steps have been taken to control Japan's financial resources and to weaken the potential capacity of its war industries. Some of these steps have doubtless proved a severe shock to the ruling clique, who had hoped to escape with their industrial resources virtually intact. To counter this, the Japanese have launched what appears to be a skilfully planned public relations campaign. First, the Emperor granted two interviews to American newsmen in which he stressed Japan's determination to become a peaceful democratic nation and injected a carefully worded bid for American economic assistance. These were followed by a formal statement by Prince Takamatsu, the Emperor's brother, asking the American people to "extend sympathy toward the Japanese people in their

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sincere endeavors for peace." Hirohito's visit to MacArthur, with polite bows to all and sundry, was staged some forty-eight hours later. Perhaps it will turn out that the Emperor magic works both ways—on the Americans as well as on the Japanese.

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THE ONLY SAVING GRACE OF GENERAL PATTON as an administrator is his talent for self-exposure. His complacency toward Nazis and near Nazis and his naive but as ever blustering admission of it, have won him a special interview with General Eisenhower. The only sensible outcome would be the removal to cold storage of a superman who is obviously useless between wars, and we hope his ready promises of good behavior will not be taken too seriously. With the best will in the world General Patton is incapable of changing his unique ways. But it would be a mistake to assume that the removal of one problem general would put an end to the use of Nazis in the governing of Germany. Mr. Padover's analysis of AMG, which appears on another page of this issue, makes it abundantly clear that Patton's complacency is not so much an exception to the rule among officials of the AMG as it is an extreme example of the prevailing attitude. General Eisenhower's own opinions and his stated policy are impeccable. In a showdown Schaeffer, pro-Nazi, is booted out as Minister-President of Bavaria and Hoegner, anti-Nazi, is taken in. But the great question is whether, as a matter of course, the Eisenhower policy will be implemented through an organization honeycombed with people who are "non-political" except that they don't like reds.

✶

THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT, WHICH IS headed by Bela Miklos, formerly one of Horthy's generals, is composed of the representatives of five parties—the Social Democrats, the Communists, the Small Holders Party, the Peasant Party, and the Liberal-Democratic Party—in numbers proportionate to the seats they won in the recent election of the national assembly. However, this Cabinet is chiefly an executive body. Real power is in the hands of Arpad Szakasits, chairman of the Social Democrats; Matthias Rakosi, leader of the Communist Party; Zoltan Tilday, a Protestant clergyman who leads the Small Holders Party; and Emery Kovacs, chairman of the Peasant Party which is nearly as radical as the Communists. Thus the charge brought by Mr. Bevin that the government is undemocratic would seem to be unfounded. It is true that the Communists, being very active and dynamic, appear to be dominant in spite of the moderating influence exercised by their leaders. Mr. Byrnes made recognition hinge on the elections for Parliament to be held November 4; Russia resumed diplomatic relations at once; Britain refused recognition of the provisional government but declared that they had no objection to the American move. What strength the Hungarian parties will show in the November elections cannot be predicted with certainty, but in view of the general trend in Europe it seems probable that the Social Democrats, being the organization of longest standing, and next to them the Small Holders, will gain a majority over the Communists and the Peasants. The Liberal-Democrats have a few followers, chiefly in the cities. Recently a workers' council was elected at the Weiss Manfred Works at Csepel near Budapest, the largest producer of machinery in Hungary. Of the approximately 15,000 workers 75 per cent voted for the Social Democrats and only 25 per cent for the Communists. In view of the fact that Russia has an army of occupation in Hungary and is sending food supplies to the country, this election would indicate that we can take in good faith its declaration that it does not intend to sovietize Hungary. The democratic trend is likely to continue unless the reactionaries at home and abroad interfere.

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THE NEW ANGLO-AMERICAN PETROLEUM PACT, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, is "very different" from the treaty signed in August, 1944, which was subsequently smothered in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. For ourselves, we fail to see much change. Among the ambiguities of the earlier document one fact stood out clearly—the official blessing given to "all valid concession contracts and lawfully acquired rights." This clause which, it seemed to us, served to underwrite the well-established Anglo-Dutch-American monopoly of the international oil trade and to render fairly meaningless pious references in other paragraphs to "equal opportunity," has been left unaltered in the new draft. It was not this aspect of the agreement, however, that provoked the antagonism of the independent American producers who forced its withdrawal. They were perturbed by vague proposals for an international petroleum commission, which they feared might prove an instrument for government interference. Still more, they were upset by the implication that the treaty would facilitate imports into this country to supplement dwindling oil reserves. The new treaty meets their objections, first, by making it plain that the international commission will have power merely to talk, second, by excluding from the agreement operations of the domestic industry and the regulation of imports. Thus what remains is assurance of smooth sailing for the international oil cartel in world markets, aided by harmonization of Anglo-American interests in exploiting resources in the Near East. Of course there is no specific mention of this region but we note that surveys have recently begun for two new pipelines across the Arabian Desert, one to serve the Iraq fields (British) the other the new Saudi Arabian concessions (American). The pipelines of peace, no doubt!

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GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY'S RECENT STATEMENT that some of the doctors in the Veterans Administration were "pretty poor" was a hopeful augury of much needed reform. After all the whitewash, the Congressional inquisition of reporters who made similar statements last spring, and the effusive buttering-up of General Frank T. Hines when he left his post as Veterans Administrator, this frankness was a breath of fresh air. Outspokenness and lack of dissimulation in generals can be a good thing. General Bradley obviously means business, and telling the public the truth must be the first step in giving the Veterans Administration the housecleaning it has so long needed. What remains to be seen is whether the general can do the job quickly and thoroughly enough to prevent long-continued

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inadequacy of treatment to disabled veterans. The VA now has only 2,300 doctors—including the unknown percentage of men who are "pretty poor"—and 1,300 vacancies, with the overall need perhaps rising to 6-7,000 within twenty years. These vacancies will not be filled easily unless the medical side of the agency is drastically reorganized. Minimum requirements include raising of salaries in all brackets, guaranties that promotion will be by achievement not seniority, and affiliation with civilian medical centers to encourage research and professional advancement. A reorganization along these lines might serve to attract many doctors now leaving the armed forces. Lack of such a reorganization will mean added difficulties in recruiting physicians, and that in turn will mean continued treatment of disabled veterans by physicians who are "pretty poor."

*

ON ITS FORMATION THE HOUSE COMMITTEE INvestigating un-American Activities promised not to repeat the scandalous career of the Dies committee, whose heir it is. But heredity and its most influential member, Representative Rankin of Mississippi, have proved too much for it. True to Dies precedents, it has started operations with a general inquiry into the Communist Party, prominent members of which are being asked the kind of questions which used to be the specialty of Japanese "thought controllers." Even more sinister, however, is a formal letter sent by the committee to President Truman requesting delivery of personnel archives of all terminated war agencies, including the OSS and the OWI. In the interests of security such agencies kept elaborate personnel records containing detailed information about employees and their friends, business associates, and former employers. The information was requested, and given, in strict confidence, and to pass it on to a Congressional inquisition would be a breach of faith. In the light of the history of the Dies committee, to whose files favored columnists were given access, the possibilities of abuse are terrifying.

*

JUST AS WE GO TO PRESS WORD REACHES US that the Governor of Texas has commuted the death sentence passed upon L. C. Akins to life imprisonment. This is welcome news to the thousands of *Nation* readers who have followed with active concern a case in which race bias so patently distorted the processes of justice.

London Fog

SOME commentators, seeking an explanation for the bad temper and unproductiveness of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers, lay the blame on lack of proper preparation. Sumner Welles, for instance, has asserted that the success of the conference was jeopardized in advance by failure of the diplomatic technicians to secure "prior agreement upon the agenda and upon procedure." This is a just criticism, but in attempting to understand the gloomy spectacle in London we must look deeper. We are then likely to find that the real trouble was not mechanical but a failure to agree on the elementary purposes for which the machinery was to be employed.

The policies of all three of the big powers appear to be based on concepts which were obsolete long before the atomic age opened. They are all clinging to the belief that the first duty of a nation is to safeguard its own integrity, as if security on a national basis were still possible. All of them, of course, pay lip service to international ideals but all of them, quite plainly, regard the United Nations Organization as a secondary line of defense. They are willing enough to prescribe collective remedies for troubles outside their own spheres of influence; inside, they insist on administering unilateral medicines.

A good many Americans are fully aware of the sins of Russia, and to a lesser extent of Britain, in this respect but fail to realize that the United States is playing power politics just as strenuously as its allies. When the Russians demand a free hand in the Balkans or the British take steps to keep the Mediterranean a private lake, we cry shame. But, at the same time, we make no bones about our determination to use our own strong right arm to keep any intruders out of our back yard. We boggle at the idea of giving our Allies even a minor role in the control and reorganization of Japan. We boast that we are the most powerful nation in the world and advertise our intention to maintain that primacy. The United States Air Force and Navy are to remain superlative and the Pacific is to be kept as an American lake with the aid of whatever bases are required for that purpose. Finally we are continuing to manufacture atomic bombs. The secret of their construction is to be released, if at all, on our own terms. In fact there is an inclination, in influential quarters, to preserve it indefinitely, while redoubling our scientific researches, in the hope that we shall be able to keep ahead of the rest of the world.

Such plans suggest that we have little trust either in collective security or in our allies, who, not surprisingly, are suspicious of the uses to which we may put our vaunted power. Yet when Russia seeks to promote its own security we are hurt and indignant.

This is not written in defense of Russia's diplomatic aggressiveness, which, while it sometimes succeeds in exposing Anglo-American hypocrisy, appears to us to be self-defeating. Russia's attempt to bolster its security by building up a thick hedge of buffer states between itself and the West is the *cordon sanitaire* policy in reverse and likely to prove just as futile. Nor do we consider its forays into the Mediterranean and the Red Sea clever strategy. No doubt their purpose was to discourage British interference in the Russian zone but the likely result is to spur the building of the Western bloc which Moscow is so anxious to prevent.

Many problems have been taken up by the Foreign Ministers but no final solutions have been found, and the conference is in danger of breaking up with no more to show for its labors than an agreement to postpone action on all major questions pending further study by experts. This means prolonging the period of uncertainty for a dozen European countries which desperately need a definitive settlement to aid their political and economic reconstruction. Even so, postponement of decisions will be better than hastily improvised compromises or a series of ambiguous decisions which each power would interpret to suit itself. It will, at least, afford an opportunity to prepare for the next meeting of

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the powers by an attempt to reach an understanding on the foundations of peace.

The question that has got to be settled is: Shall we build the house of peace on the rock of joint responsibility for security or is UNO destined to be no more than a rickety façade behind which power politics are to continue as before? If the second alternative is to be adopted, then let us be candid about it and negotiate on a frankly horse-trading basis which will enable the world to be divided up into clearly recognized spheres of influence. That will be a poor way indeed of providing for lasting peace, but it may very well make possible a longer truce than a settlement based on organized hypocrisy.

Wages, Prices, and Taxes

THE current wave of strikes is being variously attributed to unpatriotic labor leaders, reds, and avaricious employers. Many columns have been written about how small groups of selfish men are delaying reconversion and imperiling the country's economic future. Granted that men are selfish, it is necessary to probe considerably deeper for the basic causes of the existing labor unrest. Logically, the strikes may be viewed, depending upon one's political philosophy, as an inevitable part of the post-war economic readjustment or as a failure on the part of the government to develop an adequate post-war reconversion policy.

Those who believe that the government has no business interfering in economic matters regard the present labor strife, if they are at all consistent, as inherent in the shaking-down process by which wages and prices are finding new levels following the relaxation of war-time controls. Their logic points inexorably to a long, heated period of strife with settlements being reached on the basis of the relative economic power of the various groups. By and large big business faces this struggle with equanimity, since it is confident that industry's war-swollen surpluses, plus the rebates due on war-time excess-profits taxes, will enable employers to outsit labor in practically every instance. At worst, the big business groups feel that they may have to pay compromise wage increases which they will pass on to the consumer. At best, they hope to make substantial inroads on the war-time gains of organized labor so as to recover what they emotionally describe as control over their own industries.

Strikes and lockouts are of course the traditional way of arriving at a new equilibrium of wages and prices after the drastic upheaval of war. The costs of such labor disturbances may be reduced somewhat by effective systems of conciliation or arbitration but are bound to be frightfully high. The alternative to settlements arrived at by the tug-of-war process of industrial strife is a government-imposed price-wage formula such as was enforced during the war by the joint efforts of the WLB and the OPA. Unfortunately, the government has not yet come up with an adequate formula for the reconversion period. President Truman may have felt that he was meeting the situation when he announced that the government would permit wage increases which did not necessitate a rise in prices. But this was essentially an evasion of the issue rather than a practical post-war policy. It ignored labor's deep-rooted aversion to accepting a cut in take-home pay. And it ignored the immense practical difficulties of determining how much wages can be increased without necessitating an increase in prices. Industry is certain to fight to retain its present profit levels, just as labor will fight to maintain its war-time level of take-home pay. Furthermore, an effort to retain the present wage-price level presupposes continued enforcement of the entire war-time stabilization program. This is not being done.

The task of arriving at a satisfactory wage-price formula is further complicated by the necessity of knowing the approximate levels of production and employment at the end of the reconversion period. The steel industry, for example, could readily grant the C. I. O.'s wage demands if it were assured of operating at 95 to 100 per cent of capacity as it did during the war; but it could not pay wages even at the present level without an increase in prices if restricted to 50 per cent of capacity. Experience has shown that capacity operation of our industrial plant depends on the maintenance of consumer purchasing power. Once a deflationary spiral sets in, production is curtailed and unemployment develops. In his recent message to Congress President Truman called for the immediate passage of a series of emergency measures designed to maintain the buying power of workers adversely affected by the reconversion process. None of these measures has so far been enacted. The House Ways and Means Committee has rebuffed the President on the provision of adequate unemployment protection for former war workers. The Full Employment bill has been shot full of holes in the Senate and has not even been considered by the House. The bill for a 65-cent minimum wage is meeting vigorous opposition from Southern Congressmen. Instead of giving first attention to the measures that are needed to support production and employment in the post-reconversion period, the House Ways and Means Committee frittered away a week of its time squabbling over Elliot Roosevelt's personal debts, and now proposes to write a new tax bill. True, tax policy must necessarily play a vital role in the post-war readjustment process. Some lightening of the tax burden is essential both for psychological and economic reasons. A reduction in the withholding tax will increase the worker's take-home pay and lessen the pressure for higher wages; a cut in excise taxes, which fall chiefly on the lower-income groups, would help support purchasing power and stimulate business. But the House Ways and Means Committee is reported to be chiefly concerned with reducing the taxes on business and on families in the upper income brackets—precisely the policy followed with such disastrous results after the last war.

Under the leadership of President Roosevelt the United States came through World War II with much less economic dislocation than it suffered in World War I. This was achieved by an over-all economic policy that embraced production, distribution, wages, prices, and taxation. If we are to come through reconversion without the disturbances that characterized 1919, 1920, 1921, and 1929, we shall similarly have to develop and maintain an over-all policy adequate for this period. We need now a wage-and-price formula which is realistic enough to appeal to labor and management alike. Such a formula should have been worked out before V-J Day. But it is still not too late. If price and wage controls

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are retained and vigorously enforced until after the reconversion period is over, it should be possible to work out a compromise that would essentially restore the pre-war balance between production and purchasing power. Only then can the controls safely be lifted to permit free play for the normal processes of competition and collective bargaining.

The Fascist Survivors

SPAIN and Argentina have come into the headlines again. And it is not strange that they should appear under a common caption of fascism. The two countries form a double nucleus of the fascist conspiracy with which the world has grown all too familiar: both offer continuing proof of the weakness of our foreign policy.

Fascist Argentina was smuggled into the United Nations Organization by the United States. It is not true, as State Department stooges would have us believe, that the United States was forced to sponsor Argentina because all Latin America was crying out for its admittance. Latin Americans themselves were the first grimly to laugh off this suggestion. Mr. Stettinius's Man Friday in the Argentine maneuver was Mexico's ex-Foreign Minister, Ezequiel Padilla. His helpful role cost him his job in the Mexican Cabinet immediately after the conference had ended.

Argentina's admission to UNO under United States sponsorship was not only not welcomed in Latin America but it awakened deep skepticism from Buenos Aires to Mexico City over our claims to have fought the war for democracy. Inside Argentina itself the bitterness was greater than anywhere else. Argentine democrats could scarcely credit the reports from San Francisco that told of Nelson Rockefeller explaining to several hundred journalists that as a matter of fact the admission of Argentina would *compel* the Farrel-Perón clique to give way to a democratic regime. Of course, exactly the opposite happened. The dictatorship was strengthened to such a degree by United Nations recognition that all the democratic efforts of Ambassador Braden were brought to nought and eventually the democratic elements were forced to revolt.

They demonstrated in a huge public rally on September 19. Perón responded in flagrant fascist style. Argentina entered a state of siege. The police tracked down generals, bankers, business men, labor leaders, editors, professors, students—any who might belong to the opposition. The students called a strike "to persuade all Argentines to join in the disobedience campaign." Over last week-end the government closed the six universities and all dispatches and radio broadcasts of American correspondents ran into heavy censorship. Rumors of a general strike were in the air.

The Argentines arrested include former Foreign Minister José Maria Cantilo, the former governor of Buenos Aires, Rodolfo Moreno, and former Senators Antonio Santamarina and Gonzales Iramain; also Luis Mitre of *La Nacion*, Carreras of *Critica*, Paz of *La Prensa*, Simone of *Noticias Graficas*, and Americo Ghiohldi, editor of the Socialist weekly, *Vanguardia*, and an outstanding Socialist and former Deputy. Even such conservative but anti-fascist persons as Eustaquio Mendez Delfino, president of the Stock Exchange, José Maria Bustillo, president of the Rural Society, Armando Massone, head of the Chamber of Commerce, and Luis Colombo, president of the Union Industrial, the principal association of Argentine industrialists, have been imprisoned. Perhaps in jail they are recalling the comforting reassurances of our officials at San Francisco of the imminent dawn of Argentine democracy!

Our policy toward fascist Spain has been as irresponsible and as inexplicable as our policy toward Argentina. Last week the State Department made public President Roosevelt's letter of March 10, 1945, which was written to Norman Armour on the eve of our Ambassador's departure for Madrid. The letter stated that "our victory over Germany will carry with it the extermination of Nazi and similar ideologies." President Roosevelt saw "no place in the community of nations for governments founded on fascist principles." Why do we only hear of this letter seven months after it was written? Why are the anti-fascist policies so explicitly outlined still not applied to Hitler's Iberian ally? What excuse was there after the war in Europe had ended for continuing relations with Franco?

As *The Nation* revealed two weeks ago, Stalin bluntly asked the United States and Great Britain at the Potsdam Conference to break with Franco. In the Roosevelt letter, defining American anti-fascist foreign policy, President Truman had ample basis for action. A positive stand by the American President would have spurred the British out of their hesitation. It is a grisly thought that the substitution of words for action at Potsdam and the withholding of the Roosevelt letter may be explained by the fact that the mechanics of Franco's "retirement" had not yet been perfected. It now appears that there is more than an outside chance that an effort will be made to reestabish the monarchy. Against such an effort Dr. Negrín recently warned that "those outside of Spain who still flirt with the idea of restoring the monarchy must share the moral responsibility if a new civil war breaks out inside Spain." But throughout the world the forces of reaction move to bring to pass this disastrous event. And in the vanguard of such forces, as Harold J. Laski declared in his recent address broadcast to the Madison Square Garden meeting of September 24, is the Vatican. It is the duty of our government to separate itself from such forces. Its line is quite clear. Break off relations with Franco. Once this is done the State Department need not search for possible substitutes; the only democratic alternative is the Republic.

The Republic enjoys the support of the great majority of the Spanish people—reports from Spain agree that Republican sentiment is stronger than ever. Recently in Mexico it established its institutions of democracy with Señor Martinez Barrio as President and a new government fully recognized even by those parties not now represented in it. We think that important political groups which have not joined the government ought to be included. But that, after all, is a matter for the Spanish republicans to attend to. The duty of the American government is to break relations with Franco, end all maneuvers to impose upon the people of Spain a monarchy they hate and despise, and offer prompt recognition to the Republic in Exile.

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The Plight of the Jews

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 1

IT WAS William O'Dwyer's final report as executive director of the War Refugee Board, issued on September 21, which first called attention to the Harrison mission, up to then a rather well-kept secret, only known to a few in close touch with Jewish affairs. O'Dwyer disclosed that in July Earl G. Harrison, United States representative on the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, had been sent by the government to investigate the needs and conditions of diplaced persons in Western Europe, "particularly the Jews." The O'Dwyer report declared that while much had been done to improve conditions among these "displaced peoples," Harrison had found "glaring inhumanity . . . prevailing in many areas." On inquiry it was learned that Harrison had made a report to the White House in the latter part of August and that publication had been promised but postponed. It was said in informed circles that the British had objected to release of the report, but it was pretty obvious that there were objections from within the Administration as well. At the State Department the report was in the hands of Loy W. Henderson, now top official for Near Eastern Affairs, and the first off-the-record response was that it would not be made public until Secretary of State James F. Byrnes returned from London. The newspaper *PM* ran an editorial calling attention to the withholding of the report and demanding its release. Late Saturday, some twenty-four hours before Governor Dewey was to address a Zionist mass-meeting in New York City, the White House, without waiting for the return of Byrnes, gave out the text of the report and of the letter Mr. Truman sent to General Eisenhower about it on August 31.

The report, as released, made it easy to understand why some people in the War and State departments and the British embassy preferred to keep its fierce light hidden under a bushel. Harrison is a leading Philadelphia lawyer, long prominent in the civic and charitable life of that city, a former United States Immigration Commissioner, now dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School; his report is gratifying evidence that there is at least one man of heart and vigor on the mummified Intergovernmental Committee. He does not happen to be Jewish; he seems to be, in more than a nominal sense, a Christian. It would take more than a political reporter, it would take a Hebrew prophet, to discuss that report and its implications adequately. For let no one imagine comfortably that Harrison's story concerns only the tragedy of a few hundred thousand Jews and other stateless persons who too often found their liberators as callous and indifferent as their Nazi oppressors had been savage and sadistic; who found a passive replacing an active cruelty, the former in some ways harder to bear. That is only a small part of the tragedy. One who reads the Harrison report with discerning and imaginative mind will see reflected in it the fatal weaknesses of our society, the lurking shadow of a terrible retribution. Events since 1933 would seem amply to have demonstrated the consequences and the cost of anti-Semitism for all peoples and for civilization, the need for resolute action in stamping it out, the desirability of some great and graphic act of justice to the homeless of Jewry as an object lesson for the Nazi-infected peoples. The picture which emerges from the Harrison report is, by contrast, only likely to convince the enemies of world order in Central Europe, at home, and elsewhere that the democratic forces of the Anglo-American world are weak and irresolute, too half-hearted to live up to their grandiose moral pretensions, not genuinely anti-fascist, easily gulled, and perhaps next time, with more luck, to be defeated.

Can anyone be so foolish as to believe that we earn the respect of the Germans by treating their victims as Harrison reveals we have been treating them? Three months after V-E Day Harrison found many of the Jews and former slave laborers of the Nazis living in the same concentration camps, fed a diet "composed principally of bread and coffee," still clothed in hideous concentration-camp garb or, even more ignominiously, in S. S. uniforms left behind by their oppressors, facing fuelless months in quarters "clearly unfit for winter use," and often unable to present their grievances to Military Government authorities "because ironically they have been obliged to go through German employees, who have not facilitated matters." The liberated are treated far worse than the defeated. I do not refer to prisoners of war or war criminals—their food and housing are a paradise by contrast—but to ordinary Germans. Harrison found Germans "still the best-dressed population in all of Europe," with a diet "more varied and palatable," in rural areas at least, than that of their freed victims. Harrison asks—and the point was emphasized in the President's sharp letter to Eisenhower—whether this is the way to implement the Potsdam pledge "to convince the German people that they have suffered a total military defeat and that they cannot escape responsibility for what they have brought upon themselves."

There is another side to this picture which must give the Nazis even greater satisfaction. Harrison went abroad unsympathetic to Zionism. He found that the Nazis had succeeded in spreading anti-Semitism almost everywhere in the occupied countries. He found that of the 100,000 Jews surviving in the camps of Germany and Austria, very few of the German and Polish Jews wished to return to their old homes, nor did many of those from other East and Central European countries. They want to go home as others are going home,, and this for most of them means going to Palestine. They had sought to live as Germans and Poles—and no one can deny what fervent patriots the German and Polish Jews have been in the past—but they were persecuted as Jews, and most of them now wish to live as Jews, to hold their heads up as Jews; they look to the colonization of the Holy Land as their one hope of restored self-respect, their deepest need. Harrison neither applauds nor deplores the

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feeling, but he recognizes that there is really nowhere else for them to go; covert anti-Semitism and xenophobia greet them even in America and England. Harrison asks that the gates of Palestine be opened to 100,000 at least and cites the past pledges of the British Labor Party as basis for an appeal to this effect by the American government. If the British people, oppressed by their own multitudinous troubles in the wake of a heroic struggle, are inclined to be tolerant of these broken pledges, let them ask themselves if the broken pledges on Palestine are not of the same pattern as the pledges the Attlees and Bevins have made to British labor, and if they do not foreshadow similar disillusion for themselves. They may well ask themselves also whether this reluctance to do justice to the Jews in the matter of Palestine is not of the same pattern as the Chamberlain policies that were responsible for their own ruined homes and cities.

It is to Mr. Truman's honor that he has already acted on both aspects of the Harrison recommendations. He has ordered General Eisenhower to take immediate steps to improve conditions among the remaining Jewish and other stateless displaced persons in the Reich—and Eisenhower has made a personal trip through the Reich to see that this is done. The President has also asked the British formally to grant 100,000 entrance certificates for Palestine. But it will still take much public pressure to achieve these purposes.

The problem of enforcing both the President's recent order and previous directives on the treatment of refugees in the Reich is but part of the general problem of getting the military to obey Potsdam and Presidential directives designed to denazify the Reich. Let no one be deceived by the statements issuing from anonymous spokesmen at Patton headquarters. A New York *Times* dispatch from Frankfurt today reports not only that Patton is unwilling to requisition decent housing for refugees but that "large numbers of American troops are still living under canvas in Bavaria, while Germans, some of them Nazis, luxuriously entertain American officers in fine houses." The problem of Jewish immigration into Palestine is similarly part of the greater problem of substituting Allied cooperation for power politics. Pledges to the Jews on Palestine are being broken because of British imperialist desires to use the thin layer of the Arab ruling class as a pawn in a game of oil politics with America and power politics with the Soviet Union. The Arab League, from which much is being heard, is the creation and the tool of the British Foreign Office. A Palestine settlement beneficial to both Jews and Arabs is possible any time the British government wants it. If Truman can bring that about, he will do humanity as well as Jewry a historic service.

AMG—Innocents Abroad

BY SAUL K. PADOVER

(Historian and political scientist; during the war an officer in the army's Psychological Warfare Division)

IT IS always slightly embarrassing to say unkind words about Military Government officers. They are so vulnerable and yet so innocent, in any sense of the word, that in criticizing them one has the uncomfortable feeling one is supposed to have when one takes the proverbial candy from the proverbial baby. They are, moreover, generally nice people who act to the best of their knowledge and ability. It is not their fault that their knowledge and ability are limited. Whatever shortcomings MG officers may have, they cannot be accused of malice. Least of all can they be charged with abuse of power. The trouble lies elsewhere. It began with the inception of MG.

Military Government was organized as an integral part of the army, with a staff function (G-5), and was expected to be merely an ancillary of the military. It was not properly trained to rule Germany in peace time. During the combat phase MG's objective was, first, to facilitate military operations and, second, to govern German civilians. While the war was on, the army was necessarily more interested in order than in politics. It had to see that there was no disturbance in its rear. This task was intrusted to MG officers.

MG thus entered Germany without any long-range program. If there was such a program, it was a White House arcanum hidden from the MG officers in the field. The short-range objective, the maintenance of order in the period of combat, was accomplished without difficulty. From the first day we entered the Reich the Germans fell over themselves to collaborate with the military authorities. Those who were fortunate enough to get jobs with MG put up signs on their doors proudly proclaiming, "Here lives Herr X, *collaborator* with the Americans." I remember one MG major in a Rhineland town saying with humorless admiration: "They are wonderful people, these Germans; I must hand it to them. At ten o'clock this morning I ordered the evacuation of a number of houses by three in the afternoon for the billeting of troops. By eleven o'clock they were all evacuated. Isn't that a record?" (Incidentally, of the thirty German families evacuated, the heads of only three were members of the Nazi Party; the rest were non-Nazis or anti-Nazis, and they asked bitterly why they were being discriminated against by the Americans.)

It was when the combat phase ended that MG's severe headaches began. It was then that it began to encounter difficulties, mainly political, for which it was not prepared; and friendly observers, viewing its fumbling actions, were obliged to conclude that Military Government personnel was not equipped to govern, least of all to govern Germans.

During the seven or eight months that I was in contact with MG officers in Germany I often asked myself the question: How and why were these men selected? They were so obviously out of place that it was sometimes embarrassing to watch them. They were commissioned civilians, not regular-army officers. Why were they commissioned? I still do not know whether the selection of MG personnel

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was governed by a deliberate policy of taking only men who had no anti-fascist bias or political convictions. One could not but be struck by the like-mindedness and political apathy of the officers, particularly those of field grade and over, but knowing something about the wheels on which Washington rolls, I am inclined to doubt that there was conscious purpose in the choice of MG candidates. I believe that conservative and "unpolitical" general officers simply preferred men in their own image, men who were "safe and sound," with no liberal nonsense about them.

MG officers were certainly not chosen because they were specialists in politics or experts on Germany. One officer told me that when he was in the Charlottesville school, cradle of MG, discussion of political questions was never encouraged. As regards a knowledge of Germany, the facts are, I think, sensational. MG officers do not know the German language; they rely upon German interpreters, who are frequently dubious characters. Many of them had never been in Germany before. They have no special knowledge of German problems; in civilian life they had no contact with German affairs. There may be some exceptions, but not enough to invalidate these conclusions.

Many MG officers are small-town professional men, reflecting the prejudices and virtues of their backgrounds. Among those with whom I worked were lawyers, judges, newspapermen, fire chiefs, police chiefs, social-service workers, building contractors, chemical engineers, and sanitary engineers. They were chosen precisely because they had certain special skills, for the army's short-range aim was to keep the municipal machinery going. But in stressing narrow skills the army neglected the larger qualifications; it overlooked the fact that one able individual with administrative experience can supervise a hundred plumbers and firemen and electricians. As a result MG in Germany today is staffed with officers who are competent in their special fields and decent in their personal relations but who are psychologically and professionally unprepared for the job of governing a foreign country, least of all a defeated country demoralized by a dozen years of fascism and riven by class hatreds. There are thousands of competent Germans who know how to run fire departments and sewers and water mains and public utilities; their eagerness to work under American supervision makes most of our MG officers superfluous. What MG needs is fewer plumbers and more men with political wisdom and training, fewer officers who want to keep the street cars running and more who are concerned with how to eradicate Nazism.

Most MG officers are "anti-Nazi" in a vague and general way, without any realization of the political and social implications of fascism. In some places, notably in Leipzig, they displayed antipathy for German anti-fascists and threatened to jail them. Of all those I met, only one MG officer had a passionate dislike of Nazis as Nazis and would have no dealings with them of any kind; he was, in my memory, a shining exception. The majority prided themselves on being "unpolitical," and that in a country like Germany meant being morally insensible. They employed Nazi Party members, not out of fascist convictions, but out of political neutrality and ignorance of recent history. I remember the MG officer in a big Ruhr town who regretted that the incumbent Bürgermeister was a notorious Nazi and S. A. man. "He is really a fine fellow," the MG captain said. "He told me frankly that he was a member of the Nazi Party. You know, I respect that man for his honesty. I wish I were allowed to keep him as mayor." I asked the captain what he was in civilian life. "Sanitary engineer," he said.

It was not until Headquarters issued a sharp order last winter—mainly as a result of an investigation made by two colleagues and myself—that the widespread MG practice of tolerating Nazis in office was curbed. Incidentally, it is noteworthy that the higher-ranking officers, especially those on a staff level, have showed themselves to be more anti-Nazi than the juniors in the field. General Eisenhower and his deputy, General Clay, are the best, as well as the highest, examples. General Patton is probably not typical.

The directive forbidding MG to retain Nazis in office or to appoint known nationalists and militarists caused consternation in MG circles. Up to that time it had been easy for an MG officer, ignorant of German conditions and indifferent to political problems, to administer his post by retaining the German incumbent. As a rule office-holders were members of the Nazi Party, either out of conviction or for the sake of their career. Since they were also the men with experience, they had no difficulty in persuading MG that they had been forced to join the Nazi Party but at heart were anti-Nazi, and that they were indispensable. Consequently, Nazi and nationalistic bureaucrats were confirmed in their positions and obstinately defended in the face of protests from German Social Democrats and other anti-fascist elements.

When the employment of Nazis was finally interdicted, MG did not know where to turn to find qualified officials. Germans with a clean anti-Nazi record were not immediately at hand. They were either in concentration camps, or in hiding, or living in obscurity. It took a knowledge of the German language and of German conditions to find them; and MG officers were not equipped with such qualifications. Many of the true anti-Nazis, moreover, were Social Democrats, Communists, or Left Centrists, and MG officers, even when they knew the difference between one German political party and another, were not enamored of the choice before them. They preferred, as a last resort, to employ clericals.

There was another difficulty that hobbled MG. It attempted to operate in a foreign country without a most vital instrument of government—a political-intelligence department. Strange as it may seem, no provision was made to supply MG personnel with political intelligence; MG teams contained no specially trained political officer. Everywhere MG had to depend upon the army's Counter-Intelligence Corps, which is primarily concerned with problems of military security and only incidentally with political matters or persons,. Generally, therefore, MG officers were about the last persons to know what was going on politically in the areas of their jurisdiction; they knew only as much as some individual, either someone in the CIC or Psychological Warfare or a German official, happened to tell them. When my colleagues and I entered a town, we used to win the gratitude of MG by dispensing a little political information.

Last winter a special representative of the White House drily told the MG team in Aachen that the President's objective in Germany was not efficiency but democracy, and that

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Roosevelt was willing to "settle for 10 or 15 per cent efficiency" if he could get the right kind of political choices. The MG officers listened courteously—I am not sure they understood what he meant—and then went on doing as they did before. MG is not actively hostile to General Eisenhower's and General Clay's de-Nazification program but is without enthusiasm for it.

If MG officers are not politically neutral or indifferent, they are anti-Germans or anti-reds. Both groups are in the minority, the latter being the larger. The anti-Germans are those who insist that all Germans are alike and that there is no difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis. Consequently, so their argument runs, why bother to make any distinctions, and why not leave the Nazis in office? This attitude is by implication pro-Nazi. If all Germans are equally guilty, one must punish them all alike, but since it is easier to indict than to penalize a whole people, it follows that one must punish nobody. Thus the guilty escape retribution and the innocent are tarred with the brush of obloquy. There is, furthermore, something morally repugnant in the bland assertion that the Germans who suffered tortures in concentration camps are no better than the Germans who inflicted those tortures. The former are, to be sure, in a pitiful minority, but they do exist, and their number runs into the thousands. It is one of the ironies of the whole befogged German situation that MG in no way encourages or favors the German inmates of concentration camps, the K.Z.'s, and usually prefers those who never raised a voice against the Nazi terror. K.Z.'s, far from being accepted as fighters against Nazism, are just tolerated; in some cities—in Munich, for example—they have genuine grievances.

The anti-reds among MG officers allow their attitude toward German problems to be colored by their unreasoning hostility to Russia and their emotional bias against communism. To them anti-fascists, Social Democrats, Communists, and Left Centrists are nothing but reds, and reds are of course worse than Nazis. These MG men are susceptible to pan-German and Nazi propaganda, which tirelessly hammers away at the thesis that Russia, not Germany, is the real enemy, and that Europe is threatened by a Communist revolution. In consequence they develop an almost unconscious predisposition in favor of Nazis, who are supposed to be the champions against communism. The red-baiters justify their attitude by saying that, after all, the Nazis are just a political party, something like Republicans and Democrats at home. To the statement that the Nazis are anti-democratic, the anti-reds reply cynically, "Do you mean to say you are naive enough to believe that we have democracy in America?"

I repeat: the anti-Germans and anti-reds form only a minority of MG personnel. But they do help to set the tone, particularly in view of the political neutrality of the majority of MG officers, and their views affect the carrying out of policy in their jurisdictions. I have said enough to show why a fundamental change in MG personnel and policies is needed. Subsequently I shall describe MG at work—how it operated at Aachen, the first large MG experiment, and more recently at Munich, the metropolis of the American zone.

[This is the second of a series of articles on Military Government and democracy in Germany.]

In the Wind

POLITICAL ECONOMY: "Republican control of the state," said the Chicago *Tribune* of September 6, "is retained by a thread. . . . The party has a good deal of legitimate patronage at the disposal of the state administration. It should be used to strengthen its organization in Chicago. The election returns over the last few years raise a strong suspicion that that patronage isn't going into the right hands."

RACE RELATIONS: Miss Etta McGee, a Negro of Evanston, Illinois, recently called on a friend at the Orrington Hotel there and was told to use the service elevator. Palmer Jones, manager, told representatives of the Evanston and North Shore Civil Liberties committees that the hotel "assumes that all Negroes are servants and therefore directs them to use the service elevator." The Civil Liberties committees are making this a test case under the state civil-rights law.

LABOR RELATIONS: *Business Week* for September 22 carries on the first page of its labor section a photograph with the caption "Preparations for Peace-Time Living." It shows one of two armored reconnaissance cars purchased from the army by the Cleveland police "to augment their fleet of squad cars. The 'cruisers' will mount two machine-guns each."

EDUCATION: A. A. Nichoson, assistant vice-president of the Texas Company, gave this advice to the Kansas City Real Estate Board on September 14, as reported in the Kansas City *Star*: "As for the selling of the post-war product, Nichoson pointed out that the salesman must learn to reach the emotions of the prospective buyer in preference to his reasoning. 'Education has fallen down,' he said, 'when it has failed to enlarge its methods in teaching emotion while the emphasis has been on reasoning.' "

EUGENICS: Scientific note from Pamphlet No. 40 of the Eugenics Society of Northern California: "Displacement of our native robins by immigrant English sparrows is described in *Condor* Jan.-Feb., 1945, number by Mr. Frank Richardson. . . . If this story could penetrate the consciousness of every Senator and Representative at Washington, it would end carelessness in immigration-control legislation. . . . If U. S. A. had been wiser as to immigration control, Pearl Harbor might have been avoided."

WRONG NUMBER: From the script of the Fred Waring show on N. B. C. September 18: "Now we turn our attention to South America, where so many countries are celebrating their independence—all this week. Here's 'Down Argentine Way.' "

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: The Shirley Food Stores advertised sliced ham in the Washington *Post* of September 14 thus: "Ah! Slices of ham browned a bit . . . and cream gravy and mashed potatoes, and green peas! Enjoy it like people would in England!"

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.]

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Diplomats in Conference

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

(Professor of political science at the University of London and chairman of the British Labor Party Executive)

London, September 15

THE big automobiles draw up elegantly at Lancaster House. The little crowd presses nearer to catch a glimpse of the statesmen who pass swiftly through the entrance. The secret police take a sharp look around to make sure that no dangerous character of the political underworld has slipped past them. As the Foreign Ministers enter, to the click of fifty cameras from the newspaper photographers of twenty nations, they try to look indifferent to the knowledge that they are already a part of history and that at tomorrow's breakfast tables their wives and children, friends and enemies will be gazing at the scene. After the last one has arrived, the policemen good-humoredly move the crowd on with the assurance that the show is over for the day.

Within, everything is ready for the statesmen to begin their work. Their deputies sit beside them, with their papers neatly arranged in the exact order of the agenda for the session; behind the Ministers are their secretaries, with duplicate papers in case of mishap; and behind the secretaries are the experts—learned historians who know everything that was said and done at the Congress of Vienna, sociologists who have twice taken an ethnic census of the population of Trieste, eager young American lawyers who can compile a brief on the Trentino almost as easily as one on the Teamsters' Union in Seattle. The experts have never shared the lives of the men and women whose fate they will help to decide; they have been chosen because they have read in the unpublished archives of half a dozen countries the *aides-mémoire* of earlier experts long since in their graves, or because they once suggested a happy phrase to a Minister who had got stuck in the middle of an important sentence, or because they read papers for an important personage and thus save his eyes and time. In the row behind them are the secretaries to the secretaries, miraculously capable of recording every word said; late in the evening they will deliver to the next grade in the hierarchy a flawless transcript, and later still the experts will explain to the Ministers the exact meaning of the things to which they have committed themselves and to which they have delivered up the patient masses who have no function but to await the decisions made for them.

All concerned realize the importance of the work they are doing at Lancaster House. It is a complex and massive task for tired men, many of whom learn of a problem for the first time when they have to decide it. They are all oppressed by the defective preparation, the overwhelming amount of material, the absence of clear directives, the difficulty of coordination. Did Mr. Molotov make his point precisely clear to Mr. Bevin? Did Mr. Byrnes grasp just what was behind that emphasis of M. Bidault which caused the British experts such acute perplexity? To the distress of all the others each one of them makes separate agreements, throws out separate "feelers" to this state or that, passes swiftly from the unity of war aims to the division of unreconciled philosophies of peace. Though all agree that only the great powers can really direct the process of peace-making, each is careful to consult the representatives of the smaller powers, who, excluded from the inner discussions, find compensation in lobbying and memorializing and getting this or that eminent journalist to publish their propaganda or to launch some useful, if sinister, rumor.

There are also the dinner parties and the receptions without which no conference is complete. Most of them are magnificently staged, and to all but the old hands a little bewildering, even awe-inspiring. Just what does it mean that the Yugoslav Minister was invited to this dinner but not to that? What is behind that earnest smile on Mr. Noel-Baker's face as he talks to the French Ambassador? Is it significant that Mr. Bevin is listening in a corner to the obviously vivid talk of the Italian representative, who gesticulates as eloquently as he speaks? When Mr. Byrnes was talking to that high-ranking British officer, what was the rest of the sentence of which the visiting French diplomat caught only the words "atomic bomb"? Is there some special reason why the reserved British Prime Minister and the smiling but shy Benjamin Cohen, of the American delegation, seem when they meet to engage in a game of dumb crambo? Is the sum total of ministerial exhaustion at the evening entertainments balanced by the delight of the academic experts in these threats to their digestions? Is this long succession of receptions to half the world and dinners to the influential few a really useful way of making contacts without journalistic interference, or is it part of that dreary diplomatic ritual which made Colonel House, a quarter of a century ago, write angrily in his diary that "much of the time of the conference was wasted in a grotesque effort not to offend"? One day, perhaps, Sir Edward Crankshaw, who seems less weighed down with responsibility and innermost secrets than was Lord Hankey as Secretary to the British Cabinet, may try to measure the moral and intellectual value of his skill in arranging post-prandial contacts which, despite the protocol, are intended to appear spontaneous.

I doubt whether anyone who watches, even at a properly respectful distance, the eminent and less eminent actors in this elegant if slow-moving ballet can help contrasting the hot-house world in which it is staged with the cold facts of the world outside. Millions of people—when there are millions they become a meaningless abstraction—are on the road in Europe—old people and young people; men, women, and children; soldiers, airmen, and civilians; Poles, Germans, Jews, Spaniards, and Italians. The wrongs they have done or the wrongs done to them now seem to matter less than

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the fact that they must be divided into those who will die this winter and those who will not die. Most of them are penniless, all are hungry, many are stricken with disease. In terror of the police, they dream that beneath the uniform of a British or an American soldier they will find the kindly heart of a powerful magician. They do not know where they are going, or whether they will ever arrive. They die afresh every day while diplomats in conference and military governments in occupied territories prepare against the need to bury them. If the meetings of Ministers make a noble minuet, is it exaggeration to describe these mass-migrations as a dance of death?

I think of a lonely girl in a Chelsea flat, fearing, hoping, always waiting. Her husband was last heard of, wounded, on the land side of Singapore, the day before its surrender. All these years she has waited for the telegram that does not come. She telephones in a fierce frenzy to this friend or that who may perhaps have access to some eminence in the War Office willing to send an urgent telegram of inquiry to Singapore. She goes to the War Office and fights her way to the room of a tired but kindly officer who tells her that all is being done that can be done, that every speck of information is being collected that it is possible to collect.

I should like to put this girl for whom life is tortured waiting, or some tired old Jew from that uncounted army of marching derelicts, into the conference room at Lancaster House. They might symbolize to the Council of Foreign Ministers, to their alternates and experts and secretaries, the inner reality of their discussions. They might convince them that they meet, not at St. James's, London, but at Golgotha, where they must seek to prevent a new crucifixion of mankind.

Some Don't Wear the Purple Heart

BY FRANK N. TRAGER

(After thirty months of service as an army psychologist, Mr. Trager has recently regained civilian status. He is the author of an article in The Nation *for July 14 signed Militaris.)*

IN THE First World War one fighting man out of every seven casualties suffered from neuropsychiatric breakdown. According to competent authority each such casualty cost $34,000. In this war, in which the total casulties were much greater than in World War I, no final figures have been released. The dollar costs will undoubtedly be relatively as well as absolutely higher. As of October 1, 1945, disability pensions for neuropsychiatric injuries have been awarded to approximately 300,000 men and women. By the time demobilization has been completed, the ratio to all casualties will probably be higher than the earlier one of one in seven.

In World War I the typical psychoneurotic breakdown, known as "shell-shock," was actually a form of naive hysteria with conversion symptoms producing temporary paralysis and/or loss of some sensory reactions. In World War II the typical diagnosis has been "anxiety reaction." Its elements are fear, startle reactions, tremors, guilt feelings, gastro-intestinal upsets, irritability, restiveness, and the like. It occurs usually as an end product of a series of traumatic events, either during or after combat. For example:

> S/Sgt. R. C., twenty-seven years old, married, no children, almost three years in the Pacific, fine mechanic, rotated for regular furlough, "broke down" in this country and had to be discharged. He is a sober, conscientious individual who always won commendation for his meticulous performance. But he could not return to duty, for he could "take" no more. He felt guilty for "quitting," could not understand that three years' service plus two attacks of dengué fever and various traumatic experiences which included finding a dismembered marine and the head of a Jap had worn him out.

or

> Sgt. B., twenty-three, only survivor when his plane collided with another; he plummeted in the split-off tail and managed to get out at about 1,000 feet. He hated planes after that, kept "seeing" his buddies burn, felt he should not be alive, or should "at least" be avenging them, but could not get into combat again.

These men, and others like them, are suffering from deep-seated anxieties which get worse the longer they remain untreated. Their emotional disturbances are as real and as serious as any disabling wound. They require careful psychiatric attention unless we are prepared to repeat the errors of omission and commission perpetrated upon the "shell-shocked" veterans of the last war.

Thus far few explanations have been offered for the sharp difference in the soldiers' psychic reaction to the two wars. True, this war has lasted longer; there have been greater hazards; flying, a major part of World War II, is in itself more difficult to "take" than land warfare. Dr. E. A. Strecker, consultant to the surgeons general for the army, navy, and air forces, believes that the present clinical manifestations of anxiety neurosis mean that "deeper emotional recesses have been penetrated . . . that we have come perilously close to the saturation point of human emotions, and that while there may be no limit to the resources of engineering genius in perfecting machines of war, there is a limit to the capacity of human emotions to survive the psychic devastation and degradation which are produced."

To restore to health men functionally disabled in this war, the public, the government, and the Veterans Administration must cooperate as they never have before. Medical science has made great advances; the armed forces have been awakened to the gravity of the situation by sheer professional persistence; personnel, though still insufficient, has been made available in greater numbers. Only the will and the wisdom to carry out promptly an adequate therapeutic program are needed.

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Certain fundamental facts must be kept in mind. In the first place, men who receive a medical discharge from the armed forces are sick or wounded men. The more obvious instances, the amputation cases, always excite sympathy. The others, functionally or organically wounded, are often ignored. It should be remembered that the armed forces discharge these men as soon as it is medically possible, that is, before *complete* restoration. In the second place, the soldier with a neuropsychiatric wound will *appear* to be a whole man. In fact he will be as much a wounded veteran as if his body bad been pierced by bullets or shell fragments. Emotional disorder needs treatment even though no purple heart is awarded for it. Moreover, if the organically wounded soldier is disabled either for a long time—as in regeneration of nerve injuries—or permanently, he needs psychiatric as well as physical medical service both before and, frequently, after he is discharged.

Once the public has an elementary appreciation of his condition, it will recognize its responsibility for the wounded veteran—and I mean both the physically and the psychically wounded man. The armed forces have developed excellent convalescent programs for these men while they are still in "service," and there is no reason why they should not get equally good physical and emotional care during their period of civilian adjustment.* However, the present Veterans Administration does not yet supply it. A program which can truly help a man to recover from combat must be based on three principles: (1) integration of medical services, so that a man is thoroughly examined organically and functionally and not bedded unless necessary; (2) freedom of choice for the soldier among such beneficent activities as shops, classes, games, and sports; (3) vocational preparation for renewed army duty or civilian life.

The program developed by the army should be examined and adapted to civilian life. Its out-patient concepts should be applied in the Veterans Administration and community agencies. But something else is needed: public and private institutions must be educated to the continuing needs of the discharged veteran. The army discharges a man as "improved" who has achieved the maximum benefit under its administration but who is not cured. He will need further help in civilian life, especially when the initial excitement of the return has worn off and when adversity hits him, in his emotions or his pocket-book.

I doubt whether the army, as constituted at present, can help in this task of public education. Many men resent the army's rigid caste system, so thoroughly un-American in its structure and function. Perhaps the air force, which pioneered in this field and has been less affected by caste, can help the public to understand the problems of the returning men.

The public must learn that the sensitive, permanently wounded veteran can acquire a secure place in society if he is given a chance to regain his inner equilibrium. The public must realize that the psychoneurotic ex-soldier is *not* "crazy" or "going insane." He is a man whose emotional balance has been sharply disturbed by the fears and anxieties legitimately created by participation in man's greatest social evil—war. It is almost certain that this balance can be restored completely by a program of medical guidance, gainful activity, and love.

The public can provide the security, the family the love. Competent professional assistance is more difficult to obtain. Even after doctors have been released by the armed forces, there will not be enough psychiatrists to meet the need. It should be possible, however, to provide adequate care for ex-soldiers through guidance clinics and out-patient treatment, through greater utilization of trained psychiatric social workers and psychologists, and through accelerated training of regular medical doctors, who can be fitted into civilian clinics much as "assistant psychiatrists" were trained by the AAF.

Obviously, we are not yet prepared for such a program. The Veterans Administration, which should have been geared for this, is handicapped by the dead weight of its past. Perhaps General Bradley can move this dead weight. Already, partly in response to public pressure, the neuropsychiatric division of the VA has been given the signal to expand after years of humiliating stultification. Counseling services should be set up at all Veterans' Service Centers and comparable social agencies; similar services should be provided by the personnel departments of industry and particularly by unions. The returned soldier does not need maudlin sympathy or coddling; he may need a helping hand to restore his inner reservoir of emotional strength. Take, for example:

> Sgt. R. O'C., twenty-three years old, married, no children. He was evacuated from one of the Marshall Islands after repeated exposure to enemy bombs. His outfit, a headquarters company, had little or no means with which to "fight back." Sgt. O'C. got "the shakes," couldn't sleep, and when he arrived at the Convalescent Center he was twenty-eight pounds under weight, still shaking, and sweating profusely. He couldn't keep food down, had nightmares, and almost literally jumped at unexpected sounds. He was treated with pentothal, one of the "uncovering" drugs, on the basis of which a program of counseling and activity was prescribed. Ten weeks later he was discharged for anxiety neurosis. He was given every advantage of the convalescent-hospital program—including vocational testing. The outcome indicated the type of job he should seek. During his treatment he was given time to go home, arrange the details with his wife—it will be their first home after two and a half years of married life—seek employment with a concern which could use his indicated skills. He was vocationally tested by this company, confirming the above findings. Today he is thoroughly on the road to complete recovery. He has security and love, is reacquiring contact with reality, and is thus able to dispose of his fears. The traumatic events of the past will disappear because he has been facing, *not* repressing them. He knows that he can find counseling services if he needs them. For all purposes he is "set."

The anxiety-ridden veteran is not unlike the child who slowly and painfully has to socialize his individual world of fantasy—and nightmare. The veteran has to a certain extent

* The AAF pioneered in this field. The key man has been Colonel Howard Rusk. In December, 1942, encouraged by Air Surgeon General Grant, Colonel Rusk began the job of persuading some 250 AAF Station Hospitals to accept in principle the theory of an *active* convalescence. His program restored men to health and duty faster and reduced the incidence of relapse. In September, 1943, the Surgeon General of the army showed his approval of the program by adopting it. In the AAF it was called "convalescent training"; in the army "reconditioning." In November, 1943, Colonel Rusk pushed on. He organized a seminar for twenty-two medical and administrative officers (I was the only enlisted man at this first seminar) who should plan and launch a program for eight new convalescent centers. He enlisted the experience of the New York Institute for the Crippled and Disabled and, again with the blessing of General Grant, formulated the policy which guided these new centers. In short order, the Surgeon General followed suit.

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"regressed" to a dependent, childlike state. His return to an adult world of reality can surely be predicted. He can be aided, not by babying, scolding, bribing, but by treating him progressively as a real person with rights and duties. The family setting, parental or conjugal, can provide much of this; but just as contemporary experience proves the wisdom of treating both the parent and the child when the child has become a problem, so, too, the family as well as the soldier can benefit from expert advice. Rest and isolation are not the therapy for these men. In most instances they do not need long vacations. They do need gradual participation in the life about them, along with the security and affection and insight which society and the family can contribute to their recovery. This much we have learned: in a third world war emotional devastation would probably parallel the devastation of atomic power.

The Driver Was a Nice Guy

BY EDGAR BROOKE

(A native of Richmond, Virginia, now an officer in the United States Naval Reserve)

IT TOOK me about an hour and a half to fly from the army's Bolling Field, at Washington, to Winston-Salem, two-thirds of the distance to Union, South Carolina. The remaining third took ten and a half hours. The operations-duty officer at Winston-Salem regretfully explained that no southbound planes were leaving the field until the next day. My only recourse was the Greyhound bus. I found the platform jammed, which made me among the last to get on the bus, and so I had to stand, up front near the driver. That night on this and other buses made me feel as if I had been projected back fifty years in time. It was because of the people.

There is apparently something about driving a bus which affects the personality of the driver, as appearing on the stage affects an actor. Our driver was an engaging example of his trade. He was the blond, heavy type that we see labeled fullback on the sports pages. He radiated good cheer, was pleased with himself and the world. Everyone liked him. His manner infected the passengers and established a friendly atmosphere. His occasional sallies and his accounts of the local landmarks drew an intimate response, as in a little theater.

My naval officer's uniform obtained a special mark of favor from him. He pulled down a concealed seat to his right, just inside the door, and cordially insisted that I occupy it. Over my head passed a conversation which disclosed something of his background. A lean young man who might have been painted by Thomas Eakins was evidently an old friend of the driver's. It developed that they had graduated together from the Statesville High School, known the same people, gone with the same girls. They were probably called by their first names by half the people in Statesville.

The driver and his friend were affectionately insulting each other, running down each other's tastes, habits, and progress in life to date, when the driver abruptly broke off the talk, slammed on the brakes, and brought the heavy bus to a halt. The voice in which he then spoke, as he glared into the mirror over his head, bore little resemblance to the lazy, amiable tones of a minute before. It was cold, menacing, hostile.

"You nigger," he shouted, "get out of that seat! Get out! That stuff doesn't go on this bus. No nigger sits down when white people are standing. That's right. Now you, sir—" to a white man in the aisle—"you take that seat." The passengers reacted to this episode with apathy; no one said a word. Soon we pulled into a village, and the driver called out, "Ten-minute stop!" The bus station here was a drugstore, toward which the driver headed. A policeman sauntered out to greet him, a tall, white-haired, red-faced man, with slouched, powerful shoulders. The driver laughingly told him about the nerve of the "damn nigger" in taking the seat and about how he had told him off. The cop listened with relish, and his seamed face grinned evilly. "Nigger took a seat on the bus," he said softly, raised his clenched fist, shook it meaningfully, and said, "Bus' him in the head! Bus' him in the head!"

The next incident occurred an hour later in Statesville, where we made a thirty-minute stop. The passengers were sauntering in twos and threes out of the restaurant by the station and going back to their seats in the bus. As I stood on the platform, my attention was caught by a group off to my left. A short Negro soldier, a private, wearing combat and good-conduct ribbons, was bidding his family goodby. They were all emotional, and the eight-year-old daughter's eyes were glistening with tears. "Don't cry, honey," the soldier said, "I'll be back soon." He turned and headed for the bus, lurching a bit in his emotion, which was heightened perhaps by a couple of drinks. Inadvertently he walked between two white couples conversing nearby. He muttered an apology and boarded the bus. He had got halfway down the aisle when the bus driver raced over, hammered on the side, and bellowed, "You, nigger! Get off that bus! Get off!" The Negro went back toward the door, and the driver caught his arm and pulled him off. "Now get away from here and don't come back."

"I got my ticket. I got my ticket," the Negro protested. "I'se got to git back to camp. I ain't done nothing."

An electric change had come over everyone standing around the platform. The Negro soldier slowly walked back to his family, who were shocked into stillness. His wife began to reason with him. "I've worked for you," she said with low fierceness. "Now be quiet. Don't git in no trouble."

"Lock me up," the soldier began in a chanting voice, "Let 'em lock me up. I ain't done nothing. Lock me up."

A group of young Negro men and girls on my right were arguing in undertones. I heard enough to know that the men were threatening violence and the girls were urging them to

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keep out of it. A Negro girl of about twenty, at this point, came up behind me where I stood alone and deliberately bumped me as she passed. A comprehension of the evil feelings among all the whites and Negroes there went over me, and the hopelessness of the situation so affected me that a cold sweat broke out on my forehead and my stomach churned with nausea. I had to sit down on a platform step to regain physical control and did not entirely succeed until I had found a seat on an extra bus which was added here and we were under way with the cool air blowing in the window. As we pulled away from the station, I saw two big policemen with the bewildered Negro soldier between them, force-marching him down the street, obviously to the jail.

Perhaps the nausea which assailed me came from a sense of guilt in my having made no effort to intervene, to protest, to assert the injustice of the treatment which the Negro had received. I had wanted to take the Negro's side against the bus driver but had desisted out of a conviction that my effort would be futile and a fear that it might be the spark to set off general violence. A riot was very close.

The most dismaying feature of the whole situation was this: it was clearly impossible for either whites or Negroes here to achieve tolerance toward the other race, and nothing else will really do. No man could make that Negro soldier alter his way of thinking and feeling; nothing could adequately lift his powers of understanding; nothing soften his sense of persecution and permit forgiveness. And, clearly, no one could make that bus driver realize how tragically guilty, sadistic, unjust he was. "I hate a nigger," he had said. Who could teach him better?

Spanish Prison

BY PERCY WINNER

(Percy Winner, a newspaperman and radio commentator, was on General Eisenhower's staff as chief of propaganda operations in North Africa; later he became deputy director of the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information.)

IN MADRID the American colonel couldn't figure it out. "What's got into the folks back home?" he demanded. "Why are so many of them yapping about conditions over here, and what's wrong with conditions anyway? I walk all over this town and everybody I see and talk to is all right." The colonel wasn't with me that night when Pedrazza, who still limped from the wound he'd got in Russia, drove me toward a pool of light which hung over the dark streets. As the car passed the high walls behind which were the glaring flood lights that illuminated the sky, Pedrazza was busy watching the street ahead. "You use Nazi methods," I said. Without looking at me Pedrazza said, "They got them from the Russians." It was the first of the many prisons I was to see in Spain, some from the walls, some inside. All were crowded; so were the concentration camps I saw: they were crowded with the men the colonel didn't see or talk to.

The biggest camp in the north was Miranda del Ebro, but they let me see that only from the outside. At Barbastro the stench in the street outside the jail was so strangling that we hadn't the intestinal courage to go in. At Lérida we were in the territory of Captain General Moscardó, the "hero" of the Alcázar, and there wasn't a chance, but we had good luck at Jaca. The cartons of Lucky Strikes and Chesterfields we carried ostentatiously under our arms made the fat little warden eagerly cooperative, and we spent two hours talking to men who had escaped from France. The interviews took place in the low-ceilinged administration room on the second floor. We saw but weren't allowed to talk to the Spanish prisoners, and the foreigners were led in to see us one at a time. For form's sake—there was some sort of vague rule about it—we went through the motions of talking to them through an interpreter. Actually I talked to the men quite freely, as did Mrs. Stebbins, the wife of an American in the embassy, who was also making a tour of inspection. Occasionally the warden would break in with a "What does he say?" and the gaunt, shifty-eyed clerk would make a little speech which seldom had anything to do with the questions and answers. All went well until Mrs. Stebbins asked about the food. The French *chef de groupe*, whose dignified bearing contrasted oddly with ugly sores all over his face and shaved head, replied haughtily that it wasn't food which concerned his men; it was the length of time they had to wait to be free. "Of course," he said, "I wish to say, free to fight. It is the only freedom that interests us. Time presses." The clerk-interpreter hesitated, looked down at the two cartons of cigarettes on the ink-stained wooden table. Before he could find words for his speech, the *chef de groupe* interposed: "One can tell him that the nourishment is sufficient, that is to say, we eat better than the Spaniards." The interpreter looked frightened; then he translated: "He says they are treated well, the food is good." Pleasure loosened the folds of fat of the warden's cheeks. He shouted a sentence I did not understand, and presently the door opened to admit two little men carrying between them a large tin bucket. In it was a pale mustard-colored fluid with green gobs floating on the surface. This, the warden explained, was the superior soup prepared specially for the foreigners. Mrs. Stebbins lifted the spoon, sniffed, tasted, and swallowed once. She nodded her head as in approval, but in English said, "Good God! Let's get out of here." In the car she was sick.

Some of the jails in the frontier area were much worse than the one at Jaca. The best of the large prisons was at Pamplona. It was large, fairly new, relatively clean. The day we saw it there were many foreigners in the cells—Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Dutchmen, Belgians, a few German deserters, and even a tragic little Hungarian Jew. In most cases,

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especially among the Frenchmen, it wasn't bad food, vermin, or ill treatment they complained about. They wanted to be free, and free in order to fight; they were worried that the fighting might be finished before they were liberated. We were permitted to talk to all the prisoners, except the Spaniards, individually or in groups, and there was no nonsense about interpreters. One of the Frenchmen, a former army officer, was suspicious of Mrs. Stebbins, and to reassure him she told him we represented "the American government." Letting her sense of the dramatic carry her away, she added, "To tell the truth, my colleague is the personal representative of the President of the United States." That exciting bit of misinformation must have spread quickly through the prison, for several Spanish prisoner-trusties appeared at the doorway of the room in which we were working and stood there staring at me. They left after a while, and I followed them across the corridor into another, smaller room. In the small room I found a uniformed guard sitting on a table against the wall, his rifle slanting between his legs. Standing near him were the three trusties. Smoking American cigarettes from Mrs. Stebbins's store, they remained silent, watching me.

I knew I wasn't supposed to talk to them, but they were the first Spanish prisoners I had been able to get close to. I asked one of them how much longer he had to serve. He replied, "I think I have been here five years. They gave me thirty years. How much does that make?" He knew how many, of course. He may even have known how many months and days, but he was being careful, he was telling me, carefully, that a *rojo,* a Republican, still alive, in jail, and a trusty to boot, cannot be too careful with a stranger who has the run of a Franco jail. I said I had just come from America. He arched his brows, registering polite interest, but his face showed he wasn't going to be any the less careful. I said I was going back to America to make a report. That was why I was questioning the foreigners. I had come in here for a rest from the interviews. By the way, did they have enough cigarettes? Yes, they had, he said. I said I had been in many prisons and this was a good one. Yes, it was, the trusty said. I waited. None of the Spaniards said anything. I said I didn't think I'd mind so very much being in this kind of a prison if I had to be "inside," but I supposed I'd want very much to be "outside." Didn't he? There was a pause, a rather heavy pause, and I turned my head to see whether there was anyone at the door. The trusty slowly, carefully took the cigarette out of his mouth, looked first at the other trusties, then at the guard, finally at me. "Why?" That was all he said. "Why?" I echoed. "To be free, of course. Doesn't everyone want to be free?" "*Claro,*" the trusty agreed; "everyone wants to be free. But why should I want to be outside?" One of the other trusties chimed in, "We are well here, we eat, we live; why should we want to be outside?" The guard laughed. I must have looked pretty blank, for the guard spoke to me as if it was plain that I was a foreigner, needing to be helped. "Look, Mr. American," he said, "they wish to say that a man is not free outside. Not now. *You* are free outside. For us, it is not worth the pain to be outside. Not for a *rojo.* Not for a National like me either. I myself, I say it." The guard was a man of tact and generosity; he liked American cigarettes very much, but the Caudillo supplied his bread and filled his wine glass. He grasped his rifle, slid off the table, brushed straight the folds of his uniform, and walked out of the room.

"What do you want to know?" the first trusty asked quietly after the guard was out of the room. "Whether we," he gestured toward the cell block, "want to be free? Yes. We want Spain to be free, and then we Spaniards can be free." "But," I interrupted, "don't you want to help Spain free herself?" "Look, Mr. American," the trusty replied, speaking slowly and making an effort to be patient, "I know that those others, the foreigners, want to be outside. They want to go where they can fight for their country. Good. Let them go and may they have good fortune. We fought and we lost. We fought for them too, and they did not know it. Now it is their turn. They want to fight, and they have the chance to fight. Now it is our turn to wait." I turned to the others and asked whether these were their thoughts too. They said they were. "You must remember," the first man began again, "that we were defeated by foreigners. Time was against us then. It works for us now. The men in Madrid know it too. That is why they try to destroy us—so that when the time comes again to fight, there will be few of us left. It is their kind of war. They must be many against few. They must have arms against men who do not have arms. Yes, Mr. American, any Spaniard who wants to be free can do worse than to wait here, inside, for a chance to die with a gun in his hand like a man. Outside, now, a Spaniard cannot live like a man and he cannot die like a man." He stopped. The guard was at the door. The session was finished.

A few days later I told a group of friends the story of the Frenchman who was in a hurry and the Spaniard who wasn't. We were in the cafe of the Hotel del Norte in Irun. M. A—— of the French Red Cross replied. "It is a question of the chapter," he said. "We have a volume of history to write with our work, our blood, our faith. We Frenchmen and the Spaniards are working on different chapters. They fought for freedom first, they fought against the same enemies, they were defeated first. Only they fought for us too, and now they have the right to wait while we fight for them." A Spaniard spoke. "If you will permit me," he said, "we have the duty, too. Yes, the duty. The first task of a Spaniard who wants freedom for his country—and how can a man be free if his country is not free?—is to survive. And for a Spaniard who wants freedom for his country it is not easy to survive, even in prison. Day by day, week by week, month by month, Spaniards have been taken outside, to die. In Spain it is now the highest social duty to survive. It takes the greatest heroism to wait quietly for the time to act. When that time comes, we cannot expect the graves to open to give us Spaniards. We cannot expect help from outside the prison which is Franco Spain. No. We must survive for a chance to die—and to die well, so that Spain can live again, a Spain where a man can be a man. Freedom? Yes, of course. But it is not enough. There must be dignity and pride and honor, too. There must be love and the passion of faith."

Late that night, M. A—— and I stood looking over the Bidasoa toward France. The air was soft and perfumed. "It is hard to wait," he said. "But neither for France nor for Spain is the present chapter the last. There remains much to be done. But we shall do it, with love and the passion of faith."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Back Number Talk

THE GERMAN TALKS BACK. By Heinrich Hauser. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

WITH the rhetoric of sales talk the publishers headline the advertisements of this volume with the question: "How dangerous is a book?" They would have done better to ask themselves, and seriously: "How dangerous is a book *title?*" The one they recklessly chose for Herr Hauser's attempt to *"épater l'Américain"* is, to say the least, grossly misleading. Heinrich Hauser is a German. He is not "the German" any more than, say, a Lavalist is "the Frenchman" or Senator Bilbo is "the American." Germans will talk back some day, those Germans who were betrayed in their fight against the Nazis by the big powers which found Hitler useful against one another. Those Germans will talk back, as will the Austrians, the Spaniards, the Czechs, the Greeks, and all the others who were sacrificed before Hitler forced his open or secret allies to become "liberators." The prematurely aged, bombed-out children of Coventry and Berlin will enter upon a great dialogue. But Herr Hauser's harangue, intermittently hysterical and sentimental, or flippant and monocled, is not the opening voice of this future chorus. His publishers, however, have persuaded themselves—as they explain in an uneasy notice to the reader—that this exposition of Hauser's state of mind can "honestly be issued as a representation of a dominant state of mind in contemporary Germany"—as if, to begin with, there were any certainty that such a thing exists at all or can at this juncture be recognized. To issue the rantings of Gerald L. K. Smith as representative of contemporary America would be an equally justifiable publishing scoop.

The publishers' claim will be admitted only by those readers who out of one emotion or another are disposed to believe every absurdity so long as it is anti-German. And these may not even notice that it must be quite impossible for the German people, especially after their experiences of the past few years, to have the thoughts and feelings of a man, adventurous by disposition, who has spent twenty of his forty-three years outside Germany, the last six of them in the United States. The objective reader will take this "document" of mental and moral atrocity for what it is, the self-exposure of a dated German variety of a type which can be found in any nation—the haughty, ambitious individual who thinks of himself as "élite" and of the common people as canaille. It is no accident that Herr Hauser learned his first political lessons as a member of the *soldateska* which murdered Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, and countless unknown fighters who, whatever their illusions were, knew as early as the end of World War I that it was time to get rid of the militaristic rulers of Germany.

Professor Hans J. Morgenthau of the University of Chicago repudiates, in a preface, the more obvious fallacies of Herr Hauser's concepts and in footnotes points out his ignorance and his habitual disregard of facts. Yet the learned historian is not free of the usual misjudgments which result if one treats a nation in a state of civil war, whether latent or active, as a homogeneous entity. He accepts Hauser's thesis that the humanistic tradition of Germany's classical period had long been dead, or had become a charming pastime, because it served the power-wielding class as little more. Yes, Hindenburg prided himself on never having read a book, and after World War I the discharged professional officers and the sons of the impoverished middle class did without books. But from among the people the cry rose, *"Nie wieder Krieg!"* and the German General Staff needed Hitler's terror, and in addition a world economic crisis, to suffocate it. Like Herr Hauser in his superficial glance at American life, so the American historian in his view of Germany ignores the fact that when new means of production (and war) are introduced in any country, "classical traditions" are for the time pushed into the background—this does not mean that they are dead. And where is the happy nation which is able simultaneously to absorb modern technology and to stress the values achieved during more reflective periods?

Professor Morgenthau is to be thanked for contradicting, partly at least, the publishers' contention as to Herr Hauser's significance. He says that while this German does not speak for the German people as a whole, "he certainly speaks for the politically active intellectual élite." But this is still an overestimation. The *Tatkreis* to which Herr Hauser belonged was a group of nationalist speculators who took care to climb on the Nazi band-wagon when the time came. The German people's true intellectual spokesmen, like Carl von Ossietzky, to name only one, were thrown into concentration camps and murdered by Himmler's predecessor in command of the terror, Marshal Göring, to whom Hauser dedicated one of his books at the time—a fact he forgets to mention now.

Hauser's avowed purpose in talking at all is to interpret Germany to America, and he promises in the future to interpret America to Germany. The kind of service which he renders and will render in this capacity can be judged from his axioms: Democracy is under no circumstances whatsoever suitable for the Germans; Prussianism equals socialism; American democracy is irresponsible mass-rule *and* slavery, typified by the Taylor system. With Hollywood, the commercially misused radio, high-pressure salesmanship, and similar manifestations he is, of course, justly irritated, as is everyone else. But he confronts Babbitt not with the German *Koofmich* but with an abstraction—the spartan Prussian who serves his people unselfishly and knows no other impulse than the Categorical Imperative. It is one thing to criticize manifestations, another to diagnose their causes. Herr Hauser fails here, as his already obsolete political prophecies show. The realities of the dawning atomic age will prove stronger than the historical neurosis of nationalists.

The interpreter Hauser never sees the world as a whole, nor how much of it exists outside of America, Germany, and Russia. He does not see the creatures called human slowly emerging from a wilderness of scarcity and disease, still obsessed by once reasonable but now obsolete fears; nor

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is he able to draw useful conclusions from their not so very different phases of development. He does not understand the meaning of the concept that "all men are created equal," and he does not perceive that the privileged among men who look down at the "masses" and mock them, instead of feeling responsible for their plight, are separators, not interpreters.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Ends and Means of Education

IS social planning compatible with democracy? This is probably the greatest single question of our day. The liberal would answer, "Yes, if the means can be devised by which people may learn how to solve their problems cooperatively on every level, from that of the local community to that of an international order." The basis for this positive freedom, the essence of which is rational agreement for the attainment of common ends, could be provided by a system of education which would produce a socialized intelligence capable of applying the methods of science to the problems of society. As John Dewey has said, "Democracy must be born anew every generation, and education is the midwife." The dominant issue in education today is whether it should be designed to promote such enlightened participation of everyone or be based on the assumption that the organization and control of society are the prerogative of a hereditary or self-constituted élite.

The contributors to "The Authoritarian Attempt to Capture Education," a collection of the papers delivered at the second annual Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith (King's Crown Press, $2.50), are clearly aware of the issue. Each of them attempts to define it in relation to his particular topic. The several papers are uneven in merit. One or two of them are brilliant. John Dewey's brief preliminary essay, The Democratic Faith in Education, gives a wholly adequate definition of the problem before the conference. Arthur E. Murphy's criticism of Tradition and Traditionalists (that is, St. John's College and the Education for Freedom programs over the Mutual Broadcasting System) is the most trenchant analysis of that particular brand of authoritarianism that I have yet encountered. But as I continued reading these essays—which deal with the newspaper and the radio, the role of science in our increasingly complex society, the contribution of progressive education, the ends of liberal and vocational education, the place of religion in a democracy—an increasing sense of disappointment grew upon me. The book as a whole seemed to provide definitions without diagnosis. Its authors were meeting the challenge of the authoritarians on their own ground. It was essentially an exchange of arguments. The main battle had not yet been joined; and after such a skirmish each side might retire in good order.

Discussions of this sort do not, I think, go to the root of the authoritarian threat. In combating the theories of articulate and highly sophisticated proponents of authoritarianism, these writers seem to turn their backs upon the vastly more potent but inarticulate and surreptitious forces of which those theories are a comparatively insignificant expression. There are no analyses in this book of the way in which our public schools have been covertly used to reinforce class standards in the community, as Warner, Havighurst, and Loeb have shown in "Who Shall Be Educated?"; or of the disturbing evidences of increasing racial tensions and class hatreds, disclosed by Marie Syrkin in "Your School, Your Children"; or of the way in which business associations, fraternal orders, and church groups have brought pressure upon the schools to insure that the right things are taught in the right manner; or of the way in which the cults of guidance, mental tests, objective examinations, and "scientifically" constructed curricula are tending to set up a system of machine-like education for the masses, a factory-like process to produce more factory workers.

It is said in the preface to this volume that "certain organized movements in education constitute a threat to the scientific spirit and democratic faith." Such a threat can be met only by counter-organization. Intellectual leaders in a democratic society must construct working hypotheses that work. Therefore, they must do more than hold conferences. Philosophers must join with social scientists in cooperative research to discover the concrete means of implementing democratic aims.

GAIL KENNEDY

The Rocking Chair

It seconds the crickets of the province. Heard
in the clean lamplit farmhouses of Quebec,
wooden, it is no less a national bird,
and rivals, in its cage, the mere stuttering clock.
To its time, the evenings are rolled away;
and in its peace the pensive mother knits
contentment to be worn by her family
grown-up, but still cradled by the chair in which she sits.

It is also the old man's pet, pair to his pipe,
the two aids of his arithmetic and plans,
plans rocking and puffing into market-shape;
and it is the toddler's game and dangerous dance.
Moved to the verandah, on summer Sundays, it is—
among the hanging plants, the girls, the boy-friends—
sabbatical and clumsy, like the white haloes
dangling above the blue serge suits of the young men.

It has a personality of its own,
is a character (like that old drunk Lacoste,
exhaling amber, and toppling on his pins)
it is alive, individual, and no less
an identity than those about it. And
it is tradition. Centuries have been flicked
from its arcs, alternately flicked and pinned.
It rolls with the gait of St. Malo. It is act

and symbol, symbol of this static folk
which moves in segments, and returns to base—
a sunken pendulum: invoke, revoke,
loosed yon, leashed hither, motion on no space.
Oh, like some Anjou ballad, all refrain,
which turns about its longing, and seems to move
to make a pleasure out of repeated pain,
its music moves, as if always back to a first love.

A. M. KLEIN

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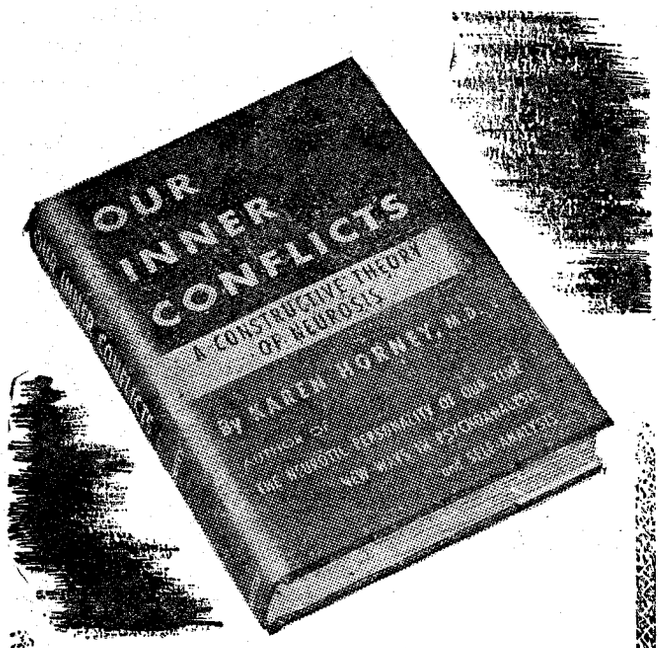

A Constructive Theory of Neurosis

OUR INNER CONFLICTS

by

KAREN HORNEY, M.D.

Author of *The Neurotic Personality in our Time*, *New Ways in Psychoanalysis* and *Self-Analysis*

Karen Horney's books, notable for original thinking and clear expression, are very widely read and discussed. In *Our Inner Conflicts* she breaks new ground. Here is a book which should benefit all of us who want to know ourselves. It goes beyond the range of merely technical matters or abstract theory. Most of us who live in these difficult times are caught in some of the conflicts here described and need all the help we can get. Though the author makes it clear that severe neuroses belong in the hands of experts, she expresses her conviction that with persistent efforts we can ourselves go a long way toward disentangling our own conflicts. Thus conflicts can be resolved, she says, by changing the conditions within the personality that brought them into being. $3.00

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BRIEFER COMMENT

Introduction to Brazil

GILBERTO FREYRE'S "Brazil: an Interpretation" (Knopf, $2) can be firmly recommended as a mature discussion, from the viewpoint of a somewhat eclectic sociology, of the main cultural forces in Brazilian life. The book opens with a suggestive chapter on the European background of Brazilian history, in which Senhor Freyre attempts a description of the social and psychological characteristics of the original Portuguese colonizers. It is extremely good, though one may think that in attributing the readiness of the Portuguese to consort with Indian women to tradition derived from contact with Moslem conquerors in Iberia he speaks somewhat slightingly of plain concupiscence. There can be few reservations about the chapter called Frontier and Plantation and none at all about Senhor Freyre's discussion of ethnic conditions. This generous, sober-minded, and completely unembarrassed chapter of itself would make the book important to liberals seriously concerned with racial problems in this country. Brazil, says the author, "is a community inclined toward ethnic democracy." Upon the evidence he might have claimed more. At least, if a North American liberal could wake up tomorrow morning to find that the public mind had overnight journeyed one-quarter of the way toward the Brazilian position he would be hugely relieved. If I was less impressed by the section on Regionalism, it is because a foreign reader, particularly one whose earlier background was European, needs greater proof than the author gives of the vitality and wilful energy of Brazilian regionalism. The least valuable chapter, it seems to me, is that which deals with foreign policy. There is a necessarily brief account of the relation of Brazil's modern literature to its social problems.

The faults of the book are obvious enough. One cannot "interpret" a country with so few concepts as Senhor Freyre employs. The sociological method of the book has led to certain lacks. Again, that method is usually accompanied by a vagueness which derives from the habit of taking as dynamic forces what are merely colorations of mind. And this defect is occasionally present. But the merits of the book are many. Within its areas it is rich in fact and suggestive thought; it is generous in temper and as a rule quite candid. There is no padding, and its style is rather better than readable. Senhor Freyre, who has a long-sustained interest in this country and much experience of it, does not see his own country through North American spectacles; yet his North American experiences have enabled him to grasp the nature of his audience. The result is a most serviceable introduction to the study of Brazil. RALPH BATES

Genetics and Physics

"WHAT IS LIFE?" by Erwin Schrödinger (Macmillan, $1.75) offers further proof, if it is needed, that the step from physics to metaphysics is a non sequitur. The book in substance is a brief, extremely condensed account of the present state of genetic studies, sufficiently clear and compre-

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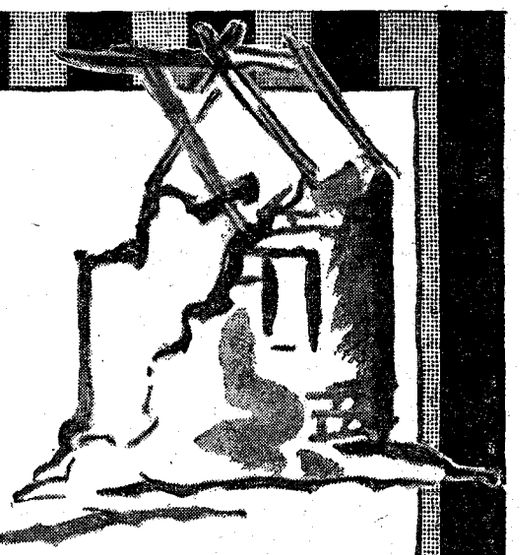
PAUL SCOTT MOWRER



THE HOUSE OF EUROPE

Behind the irrefutable aims of the peacemakers are the necessary compromises, the ambiguities, the elaborate system of checks and balances that make the peace work or ultimately wreck it. Paul Mowrer watched the weaving of the peace after World War I, saw it grow and saw it warp and disintegrate. As foreign correspondent of the Chicago Daily News for 30 years in Europe he has had an unparalleled view of power politics in France, in the Balkans and in Africa. Few analysts have had such an opportunity to observe at first hand why that peace failed. Few books could be more timely in a year when we must try again to make the peace stick.

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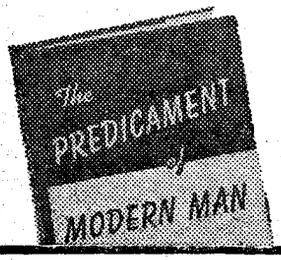
hensive to commend itself to anyone interested in such matters; but in addition Professor Schrödinger, by profession a physicist—a very distinguished one, by the way—proposes to show that biological principles are formally no different from physical ones. In fact, he is persuaded that biological processes exhibit more fixity, order, and regularity than any others.

Dr. Schrödinger bases this paradoxical view on the statistical nature of modern physics, its inability to predict or control the behavior of anything but large numbers of minute entities. What distinguishes live matter from dead, he feels, is that it consists of an immense multiplicity of disparate individuals, each of them embodying a unique order, continually struggling to replenish that order from the surrounding world. Various speculative notions, such as quantum mechanics and the entropy principle, are invoked to expound this distinction; but it chiefly hinges for Professor Schrödinger on the fact that although the determinants of heredity are in all likelihood molecular, or sub-molecular, they nevertheless display a highly calculable design—except, of course, for those spontaneous mutations that have persistently puzzled geneticists but, as Professor Schrödinger shows, are intelligible enough from the point of view of quantum physics.

Professor Schrödinger's strength as an expositor lies in the relative innocence with which he approaches much of the material he deals with; he warns us that he is a "mere physicist" with no first-hand acquaintance with what he is talking about, that his knowledge of genetics is only book learning. The result is that there is the requisite amount of wonder and incredulity in his discussion to convey the sense of discovery that properly belongs to any subject in its historical aspect. On the other hand, his thesis about organisms possessing "regularity and orderliness unrivaled by anything we meet with in inanimate nature" seems to be largely verbal; it mistakes a formal or methodological condition for a factual or metaphysical one. Admittedly, method in any field is conditioned by subject matter; but in the case of quantum physics the most modest and reasonable assumption—perhaps even the most fruitful one—about the present necessity of formulating laws statistically rather than mechanically is that it stems from the fineness, remoteness, and elusiveness of quantum phenomena.

There is an epilogue, On Determinism and Free Will, propounding a form of Buddhism that suggests, even if the rest of the volume doesn't, that the shoemaker should stick to his last. But on the whole this book is certainly interesting and worth while. MARTIN LEBOWITZ



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Congress Versus Executive

"CAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT DO THE JOB?" by Thomas K. Finletter (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2) packs a maximum of argument into a minimum of space. In 179 short pages Mr. Finletter first shows convincingly that the "ends to which we have committed ourselves and our means of governing are out of balance" and then advances a scheme for bringing them into harmony. At the core of the breakdown, he argues, is the running conflict between the executive and the legislative branches. "You cannot have a government capable of handling the most difficult problems that peace-time democracy has ever faced, with the two main parts of it at each other's throats." So far, so good. But Mr. Finletter's solution would seem to raise as many problems as it solves. In the direction of substituting a much-needed improvement in liaison between Congress and the Executive he goes much farther than the Kefauver proposal for having Cabinet members appear on the floor of Congress, and even beyond a joint executive-legislative Cabinet. He would amend the Constitution so as to give the President the right to dissolve Congress and call a national election in the event of a deadlock between the two branches. Moreover, he would establish a single six-year term for members of both houses, to run concurrently with the Presidential term. The objective is a homogeneous government, but if the joint Cabinet is to be solidly of the President's party, as Mr. Finletter urges, and Congress is expected to follow its lead, wouldn't the national legislature have the black-and-white alternative of following the executive unswervingly or forcing a new election? Mr. Finletter's plan would assign a much greater degree of power to political parties than they now possess. Perhaps such a development would increase their sense of responsibility, but is it desirable, or even possible, in a country where political parties are merely machines, without ideological distinction? Mr. Finletter's study gets at the heart of an American governmental weakness which is of extreme gravity. However the reader may feel about its specific recommendations, the book deserves a wide circulation and a good deal of thought. R. B.

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JEWS, CATHOLICS, NEGROES, AND THE MEDICAL COLLEGES

We were advised and cautioned not to print this article. It would rub too many people the wrong way. The survey on which it was based has already stirred up a hornet's nest. But we can't neglect or ignore the subject. When schools like Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia deny to youths the right to become doctors —not on grounds of scholarship, character, personality and other criteria of fitness— but solely on grounds of race and creed, the public ought to know the facts. The matter is long past due for an airing, not only on the score of fair play to minorities, but also for the future welfare of the medical profession. Read "Discrimination in Medical Colleges" by Frank Kingdon, in the October AMERICAN MERCURY.

SLEEP AND SLEEPING PILLS

The nerve strain of war and its aftermath have destroyed sleep. Four million sleeping pills are consumed each day. We read of suicides and accidental deaths ascribed to overdoses. Legislation against the pills is being debated. What is the truth? What makes us sleep? What keeps us awake? Can sleeplessness be overcome without pills? Just how dangerous are the pills? Dr. Theodore G. Klumpp presents all aspects of the problem, and corrects much popular misinformation, in "Sleep and Sleeping Pills."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY—for October—NOW ON SALE

What are the Germans like today after five months of defeat? What are they thinking, doing, planning? An O.W.I. official just returned tells you in *Everyday Life in Germany Today*... Your radio may soon "print" your morning newspaper in your own home while you sleep. Read about a sure-to-come development that can revolutionize newspaper publishing, in *The Facsimile Newspaper*... Everybody has heard about the "Beveridge Plan," but few Americans know the fascinating story of its author. William Bayles, noted correspondent, has sketched a dynamic, on-the-scene profile of *Britain's Beveridge*... How would you like to be a Russian official in Washington, beset by spies and informers, with every aspect of your private life strictly supervised? Read *The Life of a Soviet Official Abroad*, by Victor Kravchenko... How can Hitler's concentration camp victims find their American relatives? How can Americans trace their desolate families uprooted in the old country? Read *How Europe's Lost Are Found*... Many other articles in the October issue offer rare reading pleasure, including the regular MERCURY features—*The Library*, the *Check List*, the *Open Forum*, several poems, and a distinguished short story.

A Prophecy Hitler Didn't Like

Recently a friendly reader sent us a clipping from the New York *Times* from way back in 1934. The headline said: "Reich Bans THE MERCURY." It was news to be banned in those days. Later, of course, it became almost disrespectable not to be banned. Our offense was in an article entitled *Germany Sinks Into Slavery*, by S. Miles Bouton, which contained this prophecy: "The Nazi leaders declare that their Third Reich will endure 'forever.' If history has any meaning and if all human experience is not a lie, they are mistaken by a good many millennia. The end will come sooner than a horrified civilization... as yet dares to hope. The only thing uncertain is whether the end will come through revolution or through war. If it be war, that will also be the end of Germany." Think back. That was a daring phophecy in 1934.

The New York Times
June 30, 1934

REICH BANS THE MERCURY.

Bars American Magazine Becaus
of Article by S. M. Bouton.

The American Mercury announc
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notice. The cause of the pro
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FALL BOOKS

NEXT WEEK'S 40 page Fall Book Number will bring *Nation* readers rich and varied commentary on literature and the arts, at home and abroad.

CYRIL CONNOLLY, writing from London, will discuss the effect on life and letters in Britain of the Labor victory, war's end, and other vast events. Mr. Connolly, editor of *Horizon* and author of "The Unquiet Grave," wrote the lively account of Paris Regained which appeared in *The Nation* last spring.

MARGARET MARSHALL will resume her Notes by the Way.

RANDALL JARRELL, one of the most distinguished of contemporary poets, will contribute a long war poem, "Burning the Letters."

KAY BOYLE in "The Jew Is a Myth," gives a dramatic picture of an episode of the Occupation in France, based on the volume, "'Stepchildren' of France," by Dr. Charles Odic, recently published.

FICTION IN REVIEW. Diana Trilling will discuss Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "Cass Timberlane." F. W. Dupee will write about significant new poetry in the VERSE CHRONICLE.

IMPORTANT CURRENT BOOKS will be reviewed by George Genzmer, Keith Hutchison, Merle Curti, Rolfe Humphries, Reinhold Niebuhr, Ralph Bates, Clement Greenberg, Delmore Schwartz, and others.

THE ARTS. Joseph Wood Krutch, B. H. Haggin, and James Agee will contribute their regular columns on the Drama, Films, and Music.

NEXT WEEK
in
THE *Nation*

FICTION IN REVIEW

EVERY so often this department comes across a novel which, though it is not worth reading and certainly not worth recommending, is sufficiently meaningful from a social or psychological point of view to be worth writing about. The latest instance of this discrepancy between literary value and sociological interest is "Woman Without Love" by André Maurois (Harper, $2.50). Having lost track of Mr. Maurois's work back in the Ariel-Byron days, I began "Woman Without Love" with, as I see now, a quite inadequate notion of what I should find. Mr. Maurois's new novel is at once less substantial than one might expect from a writer of Mr. Maurois's scholarly commitments and less frothy than I anticipated from a novelist advertised for his "uncanny insight into the mind and heart of a woman." The history of a woman who is unsuccessful in her two marriages because she is sexually frigid, "Woman Without Love" bolsters its unhappy love story with one of those knowing, and thoroughly unrevealing, accounts of contemporary politics which are becoming regulation in French fiction. And its unhappy love story is itself informed with that curious tone of sexual pedantry which one encounters in so many French novels, whether grave or gay, and which is such a contradiction to their supposed sophistication in sexual matters. That is, "Woman Without Love" is one of those books that, in a peculiarly French fashion, simultaneously take everything and nothing for granted.

Of course, the announcement that a male author is notable as an analyst of the female mind is always provocative to the female reader. But myself, I fortify the cliché of resistance to this masculine presumption with the opinion that there is no such thing, for either sex, as being a novelistic specialist in either sex. None of Mr. Maurois's characters, either men or women, have any vital dimension. The virginal heroine of "Woman Without Love," the self-made industrialist, the "myth-eaten" poet, the prudish English governess, the mistress of the industrialist—these are all familiar fictional figures. The fact that Mr. Maurois stays so largely in the mind and heart of a woman, while it may prove a special interest in this woman's problem, proves no special knowledge of women.

What caught my attention in Mr. Maurois's novel is what one might call its unconscious social atmosphere, the insight that—all unaware, I think—Mr. Maurois gives us into the attitude of his section of French society toward the relation of the sexes. Omitting the governess character, who is not only English but portrayed as a bit on the pathological side, "Woman Without Love" opposes to Claire, its frigid heroine, a whole gallery of Frenchwomen whose sexuality the author seems to regard as standard and desirable. There is the free-lance lady who is able to capture both of Claire's husbands; there are Claire's happily married cousin and her twice happily married best friend; there is Claire's mother: all these women, having the unpleasant habit of getting together to discuss the failures of poor Claire, give clear expression to Mr. Maurois's ideas of a proper female attitude toward love and sex. And so far as I can make out, this proper attitude is for a woman to be so engrossed in her

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husband's career and so ambitious for her family fortunes that she overcomes her own innate non-sexuality in favor of her husband's grosser needs; her marital devotion will then very likely be rewarded with a certain pleasure, for herself too, in the physical intimacies of marriage. Or, in the case of a mistress, a resolute determination to please her lover—that is, to listen to him when he wishes to talk about himself, but never to talk about herself—will similarly be rewarded with satisfactions both physical and financial. Admittedly, this process of a woman's accepting her sexual role requires some schooling and will-power; it is Claire's tragedy that until almost the close of her life she is far too egotistical, too idealistic and romantic, too bluestocking to be able to force this discipline on her body. She herself recognizes her incompetence and suffers miserably from her sexual coldness. She even takes her distress to her gynecologist and to a psychoanalyst. But evidently French medicine shares Mr. Maurois's impatience with a woman who lacks the sense to respond to a good husband. Claire's first husband was one of the richest men in France, her second a famous literary man: what better cure for sexual frigidity could a woman ask?

In other words, Mr. Maurois, setting out to give us a candid study of a sexual disability, gives us instead, and approvingly, the picture of a society in which female sexuality is still thought of as essentially an adjunct of financial security and social advancement. I have no way of knowing, of course, whether or not this is a true representation of the feeling of the educated French middle classes, but I see no reason to doubt that it is. And if it is, perhaps the moment has come to discard the assumption bred of long years of Anglo-Saxon sexual inferiority—"they order these matters better in France." For instance, a new British novel which is also on the sexual theme, "Leave Cancelled" by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf, $2), is like a breath of healthy air after "Woman Without Love," and this despite the precious tone of Mr. Monsarrat's little idyl of an English war marriage and despite the very precious packaging in which its publishers offer it. Whatever the inadequacies and over-conscientiousness of Mr. Monsarrat's example of contemporary British sexual sophistication, it surely comes closer to a desirable mark than Mr. Maurois's French "wisdom."

If Mr. Monsarrat's book can be thought of as a product of the newer generation of English literacy, Clemence Dane's "He Brings Great News" (Random House, $2.50) is a product of the there-will-always-be-an-England generation that is still primarily concerned with the thrills of national pride. Miss Dane's novel is about the death of Nelson and the bringing of the news of the Trafalgar victory to England. It is very brightly told, full of interesting antiquarian detail, and can be recommended to anyone with a taste for historical fiction.

"Three O'Clock Dinner" by Josephine Pinckney (Viking, $2.50), being off to a glamorous commercial start—Literary Guild, fabulous movie sale, etc.—is one of the new novels you will no doubt be hearing about. I am afraid that I found Miss Pinckney's narrative of semi-traditional everyday life in Charleston homely without being warming, tedious without compensations of virtue.

DIANA TRILLING

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS awoke one morning last spring to find himself famous. Very shortly thereafter the Critics' Circle voted his play the best of the year, and a little later it won also the Sidney Howard Memorial Prize. Not since Odets produced "Waiting for Lefty" had there been quite this sort of hullabaloo about a new *playwright* as distinguished from merely a new play, and the author no doubt thought pretty highly of critics. Last week, however, some of the same reviewers who had hailed him as the theater's new hope turned on his second Broadway play to rend it limb from limb. "This," they said, in various accents and with varying degrees of exasperation, "will never do."

In actual fact the difference between the two plays when measured in terms of the absolute value of each is by no means so great as the reviews would indicate. Or, rather, the lack of difference is about what anyone wise in the ways of critics might expect. At his second appearance any intemperately praised new writer is very likely to suffer from the results of the hangover which intemperance produces, and critics who have gone out on a limb are all too likely to vent their irritation on the man who enticed them there. "The least you could have done," so they seem to say, "was to write something which would have made my former enthusiasm seem prophetic. All you *have* done is to leave me feeling a little bit foolish."

"The Glass Menagerie" deserved attention and praise. The author was obviously no merely routine playwright. His play revealed flashes of power and exhibited moments of insight unusual enough to justify hopes. It was also often forced, often overwritten, often fumbling. In a word, it was the work of a man who might some day do great things but was obviously immature, both emotionally and as a craftsman. Precisely the same things might be said with equal truth of "You Touched Me!" his new play now current at the Booth Theater. Mr. Williams might possibly have grown to full stature in the course of five summer months. Miracles like that do happen. But they can hardly be taken for granted, and he is here at about the same point on the road to maturity he had reached last spring. On the basis of internal evidence it would be impossible to say which play was written first, and for all I know, "You Touched Me!" may have been composed before "The Glass Menagerie." If they had been produced in reverse order, then, I strongly suspect, the one now damned would have been hailed and the other dismissed as a bitter disappointment.

"You Touched Me!" is by Mr. Williams in collaboration with one Donald Windham, hitherto unknown to Broadway. On the program it is described as a romantic comedy (which it isn't) "suggested by a short story of the same name by D. H. Lawrence," and the plot is, basically, the familiar one which tells how a manly young man rescues a timid young girl just about to be suppressed into neurotic spinsterhood by a prurient and parson-ridden maiden aunt. In this case the young man is egged on by the Rabelaisian reminiscences of the girl's father, an ex-mariner driven to drink by the same maiden lady. This bibulous father supplies most of the comedy, and the thing which distinguishes the play from the usual treatments of similar stories is the fact that it is told, not from the standpoint of romantic comedy, but as an intense, half-symbolical drama in which boy-getting-girl seems intended to represent the triumph of good over evil. The best individual scenes—and some of them are genuinely moving—are those in which the hero and heroine try to understand the ardor of the one and the fears of the other. The worst are those in which the attempt is made to give this personal drama some significance both political and cosmic.

I have either overlooked or forgotten the Lawrence story, and so I am unable to say how many of the confusions are present in the tale as originally told, how many result from the addition to it of the ideas struggling for expression in the mind of Mr. Williams or of Mr. Windham. I suppose, however, that the hero's concern with the post-war world and his revulsion against the destruction for which he, as a flier, has been responsible, must be new matter. Undoubtedly, on the other hand, the now rather old-fashioned earnestness about sex stems from Lawrence, and the two do not always succeed in achieving a very satisfactory integration. There may be some connection between phallic worship and a new league of nations, but it is not to me immediately a very clear one. Almost at his first appearance we see the hero playing a penny flute, and no reader of Lawrence needs to be told what that

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means. Very shortly thereafter he is in the midst of a passionate speech about a new world order, and to me it never does become quite clear whether society is to be saved through better international understanding or whether, as Lawrence sometimes seemed to think, all we need is more and better copulation.

In this production as in the previous one, Mr. Williams enjoys the advantages of fine performances. Edmund Gwenn, the mariner, very nearly steals the show. Catherine Willard is excellent as the menace of virginity. The others are all at least quite satisfactory.

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STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Nation, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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HUGO VAN ARX,
Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1945.
[SEAL]
IRENE B. COX,
Commissioner of Deeds,
New York County Register's No. 6C34.
My commission expires March 21, 1946.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

IN ADDITION to the Casadesus recording of the Saint-Saëns Piano Concerto No. 4 that I received and discussed several weeks ago, Columbia's September list offers a volume of passages from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," performed by Helen Traubel, Rodzinski, and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 573; $5.50); Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins, performed by Adolf Busch and Frances Magnes with the Busch Chamber Players (Set X-253; $2.50); and Samuel Barber's Symphony No. 1, performed by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic (Set X-252; $2.50).

After the spaciousness, clarity, clean definition, brightness, and sensuous beauty of the marvelous Victor recordings of the Chicago and Boston Symphonies that I reviewed last week, it is astounding to hear the dull, murky, muddy, buzzy sound of the New York Philharmonic in Columbia's "Tristan" set, or the shrill, brash, and otherwise disagreeable sound of the Bach concerto performance. Another point about the "Tristan" recording is the sudden cutting-down of volume at the climax of the Prelude, so that the long crescendo builds up and up and up to—nothing. On the other hand, the balancing of voice and orchestra is good; one hears the orchestra clearly around the voice. The sound of the Barber Symphony performance has spaciousness and clarity, but none of the warmth and glow of the Victor recordings.

The "Tristan" set offers the great orchestral Preludes to the first and third acts, part of Isolde's first-act narrative, which I find boring, and the finale of the opera. I said the crescendo of the Prelude builds up and up and up; it would be more accurate to say that, as performed by Rodzinski, it plods up and up and up. As for the vocal passages, they shocked me with the evidence of the deterioration of Traubel's voice in the few years since she recorded the "Götterdämmerung" finale with Toscanini: its upper range has lost the amplitude and ease it had, and is now thin, tremolo-ridden, and shrieky.

The wonderful slow movement of the Bach concerto also plods at the excessively slow pace set by Busch; and the fast movements are given rough, insensitive, and tonally unlovely treatment. There is still no good version of this work available on records.

From Barber's symphony I get again the impression I got when I heard it performed by Rodzinski in New York and Salzburg in 1937, and that I have had from whatever else I have heard since then: that Barber is one of the people—they may be composers, they may, as I have just had occasion to observe, be choreographers or even dancers—who have a facility in the use of the resources of an art that enables them to go through the motions of artistic creation without being able to make these motions effective as the medium of genuine artistic communication.

I have had the same impression from the works of Villa-Lobos, who is represented on Columbia's September list by No. 5 of his Bachianas Brasileiras, an aria which, to my ears, has some relation to Brazilian popular music but none to Bach. It is well sung by Sayao, with Leonard Rose, solo cellist, and seven other cellists and bass under the direction of the composer (71670-D; $1).

On another single disc (17377-D; $.75) is Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, played by Egon Petri. Whether the competition with Victor's Iturbi record of the piece is intentional or not it is successful: Petri's performance is, in its own ways, as poor as Iturbi's and as poorly recorded. And I forgot to mention last week a Victor single (11-8824; $1) on which three of Shostakovitch's Preludes Opus 34—the usual Shostakovitch rubbish—are well-performed by William Kapell. On the reverse side is Rachmaninov's Prelude in C sharp minor.

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANZ HOELLERING was editor of the *Berliner Zeitung* and the *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung* of Berlin before he came to this country. He has been on the staff of *The Nation* and is the author of two novels, "The Defenders" and "Furlough."

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MARTIN LEBOWITZ has contributed to the *Journal of Philosophy* and the *Kenyon Review*.

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Letters to the Editors

German Labor's Record

Dear Sirs: Mr. Padover's article in *The Nation* for September 22 was informative and extremely fair. I venture to mention two or three factors which in my opinion help to account for the attitude of German workers he describes. For one thing, the long internecine conflict between the Social Democrats and most of the trade union-leaders on the one hand and the Communists on the other contributed to the lack of spirit and faith among the workers. Each faction called the other liars and traitors, and the workers came to believe that both were right. To this is largely attributable, I believe, the tragic fact that when Hitler was about to come to power there was not even a gesture of violent or non-violent resistance by the mighty German labor movement. Many of the Social Democrats and trade-union bureaucrats lacked any genuine will to resistance. The Communists, as Mr. Padover points out, had actually helped the Nazis in many instances, because they were convinced that the republic must be destroyed first and then Hitler could be tackled.

In the second place, the victor nations after World War I gave the German workers no reason to believe that they had "much to hope for from democracy." The story need not be repeated here.

In the third place, resistance in the occupied countries was inspired to a considerable extent by patriotic opposition to the foreign invader. The German working class did not have this incentive. In both cases, working-class groups were acting on narrow and largely mistaken nationalistic motives. So long as workers support sovereign nation-states and the institutions they represent, and permit themselves to be drawn into war by these states, tragedies of this kind will multiply.

A. J. MUSTE

New York, September 26

Disagreement?

Dear Sirs: Commenting on Admiral Halsey's remarks, "I would have liked to kick each Japanese delegate in the face," *The Nation* informs America that this "expressed the emotions that must have boiled through the veins of most of his fellow-countrymen," and that the declaration "was very exact and satisfying—and somehow reassuring."

The Nation hardly advances the cause of liberalism by presenting this "kill-Japs, kill-Japs, kill-Japs," admiral as the mouthpiece for thousands of peace-loving Americans who in the depths of their hearts are troubled by what such loud-mouthed war leaders are doing in Japan today. In Korea they are keeping the Japanese war lords and civil administration in control. In Japan they are leaving untouched the feudal-industrial structure in which the Tojos and the industrialists and the landlords have a gentlemen's agreement. And at the top they are strengthening the Emperor, who symbolizes the racial, religious, and military ideology against which we have been fighting. By their actions and words the war-loving Halseys are revealing their fundamental lack of faith in the potentialities of the Japanese people. They are satisfying and reassuring to reactionaries but to few true liberals.

DAVID S. BURGESS

Memphis, Tenn., September 11

[Our concern over American policy in Japan and Korea is quite as great as Mr. Burgess's, and we think it should be obvious that we approved of Admiral Halsey's remarks exactly because they were not directed toward the Japanese people but toward the military leaders who were responsible for the war and for the system of government that supported it.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Occupation for War

Dear Sirs: Since early May I have been in Austria with Military Government and I consider the Austrians even more disgusting than the Germans, mainly because of their enormous hypocrisy. In 1938 they heiled Hitler and continued doing so during the Anschluss. Now they say they have never been Nazis and were the first country invaded and enslaved by the Germans.

The American army, that is, MG, in its efforts to prepare Austria to become a "free and independent nation" is according it a benevolence and sympathy almost unbelievable in the case of a defeated enemy. The Austrian population is infinitely better treated by the army than the unfortunate "dirty" displaced persons, slave laborers, and K.Z.'s from other countries. I have seen some concentration camps and some Jews who by accident survived; and the fact that the camp guards will obviously not be punished, or at least not nearly as much as they deserve, makes my blood boil. Ever since I have been stationed in Austria I have considered it my duty to fight local Nazis and have put a good number of fascist swine, like *Ortsgruppenleiters,* in jail. This has involved me in serious trouble with my superiors. I was finally transferred from a position of responsibility to one in which I do nothing but drive a jeep on occasion, and have ample opportunity to write letters and jot down my observations, some of which are destined for the United States Congress, if the United States is still a free parliamentary country by the time I get home. I might add that the situation in the United States occupation zone of Germany, although not identical, is similar, and that it would in my opinion be prudent to expect another German war in ten or fifteen years.

SERVICE MAN

Somewhere in Austria, July 15

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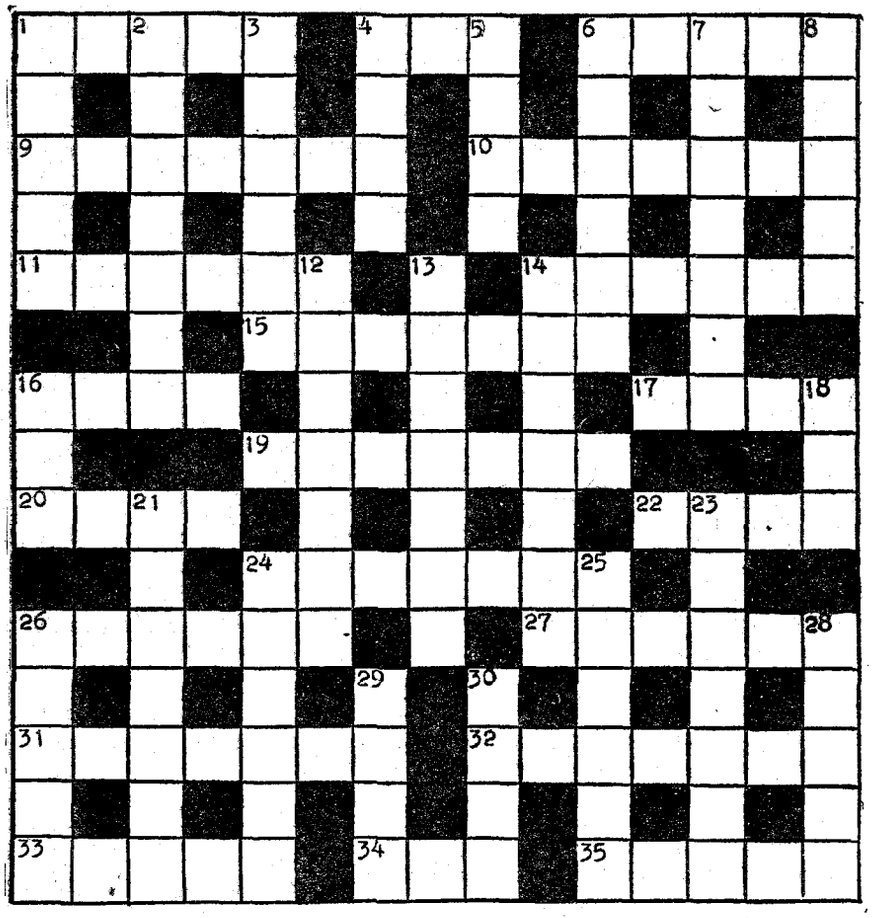
Crossword Puzzle No. 129

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Bottled? Just the reverse (two words, 2 and 3)
4 Sleepy? Yes
6 In cab? No, on shipboard
9 Locomotive Americans swear by (two words, 3 and 4)
10 She combed her hair with a golden comb, the siren!
11 The doctrine of belief
14 Composer of *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue*
15 One of Napoleon's marshals goes on tour
16 Barrel containing sack
17 Where the castle's defenders held fast?
19 New York's famous horizon
20 Not a mistake in the practice of graft
22 Love made Jupiter turn himself into one
24 The man on the flying trapeze, undoubtedly
26 Black ones wear white robes, and vice versa
27 Sounds like a suitable story for the breakfast table
31 Question of personal ability which is answered with a smile
32 O in silk I can defy the weather!
33 The right hat for Pat?
34 She turns in welcome
35 American philosopher (1855-1916)

DOWN

1 Attack on the radio?
2 Meddles
3 Ripest type of clergyman
4 World's longest river
5 Impossible to shine in such company
6 Green bottle full of acid
7 Regard as true, though it contains a lie
8 Slain, as Sisera was by one
12 A different head would give them long ears
13 This nut candy might be plainer
14 High color
16 On account of salad?
18 "The tongue of the mind"
21 The first letter
23 Over 4,000 brands of the Scotch variety alone
24 Descriptive of those who lived in Grub Street?
25 The trick, apparently, is to get this bank clerk to listen
26 This old German appears to be an outspoken fellow
28 Weapon which became obsolete in World War I
29 We're here!
30 O gay, but now ascetic

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 128

ACROSS:—1 SHADOWS; 5 HORACES; 9 ABSOLVE; 10 UPPSALA; 11 CANON; 12 SMELL A RAT; 14 LION; 15 RED HAIR; 18 ICE; 20 NON; 21 MARSHAL; 23 EXIT; 26 ORPHANAGE; 28 YEAST; 29 TRIVIAL; 30 NIAGARA; 31 RANKEST; 32 RAMPAGE.

DOWN:—1 STANCE; 2 ASSENT; 3 OBLONGISH; 4 STETSON; 5 HAUTEUR; 6 REPEL; 7 CHAIRMAN; 8 SLATTERN; 13 OCA; 16 DAIRY FARM; 17 IOU; 18 IMPORTER; 19 ERUPTION; 22 LEAFLET; 23 ELEANOR; 24 MANANA; 25 STRAFE; 27 AMINE.

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